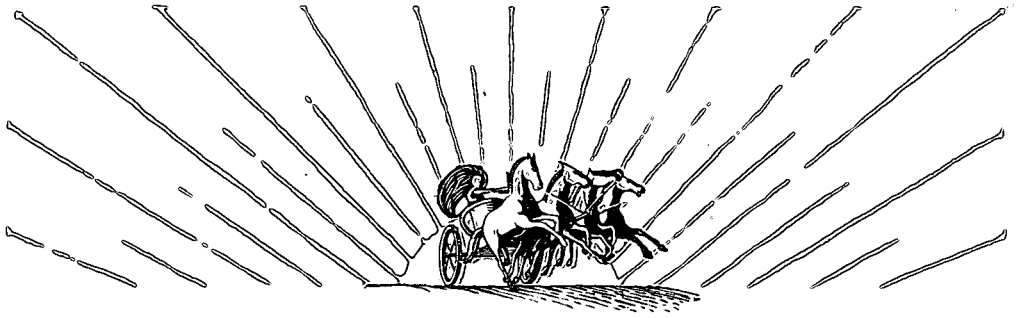

THE LIVING AGE

[MONTHLY NUMBER]

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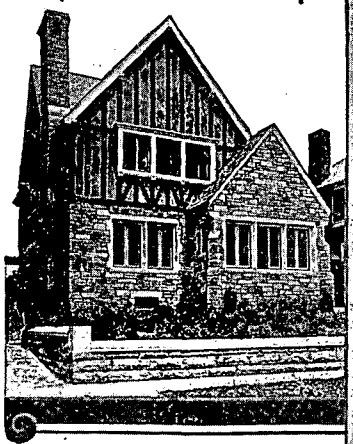

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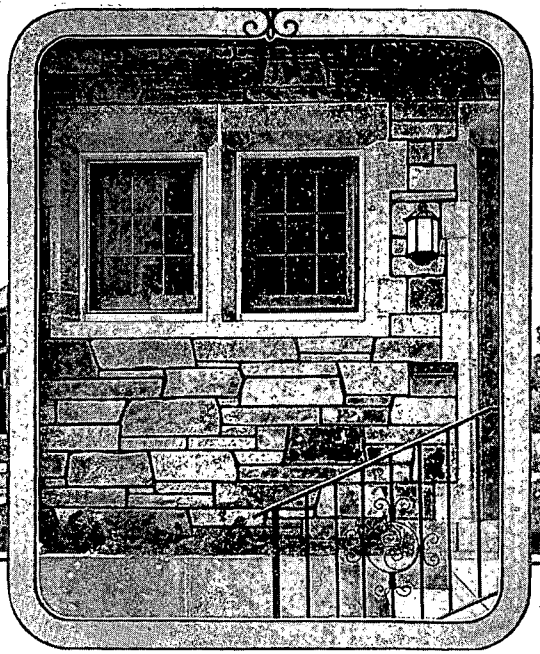

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February 7, 1926

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NEXT WEEK

MR. BALDWIN — *By Lord Beaverbrook*

One of the most powerful newspapermen in London assails the Debt Settlement negotiated in Washington by Mr. Baldwin. The article is the most striking chapter in Lord Beaverbrook's new book, *Politicians and the Press*, which has become the talk of the hour in Great Britain.

TROUBLE IN MUKDEN — *By Paul Scheffer*

Manchuria is a whirlpool of bitter rivalry between Russians, Chinese, and Japanese. The author of this article is on the spot, and the glimpses he gives us of the chief trouble-centre are vivid and authentic.

THE CRISIS OF PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT — *By Moritz J. Bonn*

Democracy is falling out of favor in Europe. Here we have a scholar's discussion of the state of mind that exists around him.

SMOLLETT — *By J. C. Squire*

The gifted editor of the London *Mercury* writes about a ship's surgeon who wrote novels that turned out to be classics.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 328 — *FEBRUARY 6, 1926* — NO. 4257

AROUND THE WORLD IN JANUARY

NEW YEAR reviews abroad had a note of subdued hope in Great Britain and Germany, of discouragement and skepticism in France, and of official exaltation in Italy. The editor of the London *Statist* took the occasion to indulge in a retrospect of the first quarter of the century, which he described as a period 'of stirring events and sweeping changes' in which 'striking progress in the things that make for civilization' has been balanced by 'phenomenal political and social disorders, by catastrophic economic and financial upheavals.' These twenty-five years have given us the motor-car, the airplane, and wireless telegraphy. They have also brought the world a wonderful extension of democratic institutions, including universal suffrage, proportional representation, and compulsory voting; and this has borne fruit in State insurance laws and other devices for promoting social welfare. On the other hand, they have witnessed the Russo-Japanese war, the Balkan wars, and the World War, beside a host of minor conflicts.

Neue Zürcher Zeitung contented itself with a briefer survey of the past, in which it characterized 1923 as the year of the Ruhr Occupation, 1924 as the year of the Dawes Settlement, and 1925 as the year of the Locarno Pact. Practically every editor referred to the Locarno Agreement as the outstanding achievement of the year. Twelve months ago the London *Economist* picked out as the three international tasks immediately before the world the restoration of the gold standard, the settlement of the Interallied debts, and the creation of a sense of security in Europe. Its editor congratulated himself in the first issue of the present year that the gold standard had been restored, that progress had been made in settling the Interallied debts, and that the sense of European security had 'made such headway in 1925 as to astonish the world.'

Editors in all European countries foresaw a disarmament conference and 'an economic Locarno' as the two great international events of the coming year; though, to be sure, they anticipated them with qualified optimism. According to the *Statist*, 'at this stage no great hopes can be based on the coming disarmament conference. It is

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true that the United States has decided to be officially represented at the preliminary discussions, but apart from the additional moral weight thus acquired it is obvious that the adhesion of the United States is of very little practical importance to any European land disarmament scheme.'

The French press viewed the present state of the world through spectacles darkened by the country's financial plight. *L'Ère Nouvelle*, which supports the Parties of the Left, characterized 1925 as 'one of those dark, sad years that are not illumined by a single ray of light, that resemble a thick fog which no shaft of cheering sunshine pierces.' Jules Sauerwein, writing in *Le Matin*, warned his readers that pacts and treaties like those of Locarno must not be regarded too hopefully. 'We must bear clearly in mind that they were concluded under the stress of economic necessity, and that they are worthless unless they enable us to solve our economic and financial problems.' He then proceeded to draw this gloomy picture of Europe's present situation. 'A year ago a pound sterling could be bought for eighty-seven francs; to-day it cannot be bought for a hundred and thirty francs. Germany had practically no unemployed a year ago; she has more than a million this week. England has as many receiving the dole to-day as she had on January 1, 1925.' Disarmament conferences are no remedies for such conditions as these. They are certainly 'very desirable,' but their importance 'must not be exaggerated,' because, 'when people want to fight, they will always find weapons to fight with.' A different kind of solution is needed. 'Our hope must be that after the Interallied debts are settled the United States will join an economic conference where Europe will contrive ways and means to restore her industrial and commercial health by wise arrangements between the large and the small Powers that are to-day fighting tariff wars with each other. . . . If the people of Europe are plunged into unemployment or crushed by taxes, if they are unable to sell the products of their industries or to buy indispensable raw materials, disarmament and security pacts will prove empty words.'

Germany was more optimistic, though a quaver of doubt could be discerned in her hopeful comment. Dr. Schacht, the president of the Reichsbank, pointed out in *Frankfurter Zeitung* that during the past year Germany had steadily increased her gold reserve and her circulating medium. The low level of security prices was 'in general absolutely unjustified.' The difficulties of certain great firms, due to their immobilizing too much of their liquid capital at the time of inflation, were a transitory phenomenon. Nearly one half of the recent failures had been of companies established since 1919. Those of older firms were not appreciably more numerous than they were before the war. Unemployment was the most serious problem for the moment, but was likewise to be regarded as a transient evil.

Speaking primarily for Austria, *Neues Wiener Tagblatt* characterized 1925 as the year of post-war liquidation in politics, business, and international cultural relations; and from Rome *La Tribuna* and *L'Idea Nazionale*, which now have become a single journal, declared jubilantly that 'the year 1925 has been a decisive year for the future grandeur of Italy. We can safely say that during this year we have not only laid the foundations for greater political power, but we have radically reformed our country's government and culture. . . . The Italy of to-day, like the Italy of 1860, is a land totally rejuvenated.' Nothing in this or the

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other reviews of the year that have reached our desk from that country suggests that Italy does not include the whole of Europe.

Britain's domestic politics are still under the shadow of economic clouds. Unemployment is as serious as ever. The adverse trade-balance was 345 million pounds last year, thus exceeding the worst previous record of 321 million pounds in 1924. The coal subsidy is drawing more heavily upon the treasury than was anticipated, and apparently has only increased the difficulty of a final settlement. Under these conditions more or less political restlessness is inevitable. Mr. Baldwin is attacked with increased bitterness by certain elements in his own Party, and the appointment of a new Party leader is openly mooted. Many advocate a coalition government, like that set up under Lloyd George during the war. But Conservative politicians hesitate to swap horses in the middle of the stream, lest they precipitate a general election that would put Labor again in power.

In connection with the Italian debt settlement with Great Britain, the latter country was treated to an argument that has been popularly used by certain elements there against the United States. Several British reviews and newspapers, professing but lukewarm friendship for America, contend that the repudiated bonds of certain American States, and even of the Confederate Government, which are still mouldering in the coffers of English investors, should be used as an offset to Great Britain's debts to us. Now Fascist papers have presented a similar claim against Great Britain. It seems that as recently as 1345 A.D. Edward III borrowed 1,600,000 florins from certain Florentine bankers which he failed to repay. This debt, plus compound interest at two and one-half per cent, — certainly not an exorbitant rate, — would amount to-day to considerably more than the five hundred million pounds that Italy owes England. Accordingly, Fascist papers argue, England, who is the real debtor, ought in equity to pay Italy a substantial sum, instead of asking Italy to repay her war borrowings.

France also continues to call for a *union sacrée*, or a coalition of all Parties, to save her from her present distress. According to French calculations, the Morocco war is costing the country approximately half a billion francs a month, which is virtually equivalent to the present budget deficit. At first considerable hostility existed in France toward the campaign there, but with the prolongation of the strife and the recent successes against Abd-el-Krim this has largely vanished.

Post-war crises naturally suggest the remedies adopted in war emergencies. A country that possesses a man whose moral authority lifts him above the turmoil of party strife is therefore thrice fortunate. Germany seems to have such a man in Marshal Hindenburg, who commanded the politicians to agree and they obeyed him.

Gossip, which is the only form of intelligence from countries with a censored press, reports that the recent reorganization of the Spanish dictatorship was due partly to palace intrigues, which in turn reflected the growing restlessness of the people and discontent in the army. Primo de Rivera and Martinez Anido, his second in command, had become jealous of each other, and the army juntas had grown dissatisfied with their own régime. The country at large was becoming weary of a government whose performances fell short of its promises. The King began to fear that the growing unpopularity of the Directory might be transferred likewise to the Throne

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and that both institutions might fall together. Primo de Rivera, whose impulses sometimes imitate genius, caught the drift of sentiment and anticipated the gathering storm by suddenly calling in a corps of ambitious young civilians to assist him in a reconstituted government that at least looked like something different from the old Directory.

Two sensations have cast high lights on the colorful life of the Danube States during the past few weeks. Several members of the highest nobility in Hungary, including Prince von Windisch-Graetz, at one time Emperor Charles's Foreign Minister, and prominent officials in Horthy's Government, have been detected circulating forged notes of the Bank of France, printed from plates engraved at the Government's bureau of engraving at Budapest. They proposed to use the funds thus secured to finance the restoration of the Hapsburgs. To be sure, it was not the 'legitimate' heir, the son of ex-Emperor Charles, that the conspirators planned to put on the throne, but a maturer monarch in the person of Archduke Albert. Naturally Horthy himself is suspected of being conversant with the plot, but it is impossible to obtain positive evidence of this. We can see how men who believe in the divine right of kings might, by some moral sophistry, convince themselves that they were entitled to manufacture the money of their own country; but it is a novel enlargement of this theory to extend it to cover the right to manufacture the money of other countries.

Neue Freie Presse, in a leader entitled 'The Bankruptcy of Dignity,' generalizes from this crime to the effect that moral degeneracy is a characteristic disease of royalty and a privileged nobility when reduced to the political, social, and economic level of the rest of the people. In Austria, 'men and women bearing noble titles are implicated with striking frequency in ugly and scandalous affairs, in sensational lawsuits, in brutal brawls at private clubs, in disgraceful incidents of every sort,' betraying the loss of dignity, of honor, and of respect for common standards of honesty that results from their inability to accommodate themselves to 'republican or pseudo-republican society.' Indeed, evidence has been produced that in this particular case the 'noble conspirators,' while actuated primarily by political motives, also planned to repair their shaken private fortunes by their forgeries.

Another episode that makes Anthony Hope and O. Henry seem like sober historians is Crown Prince Carol's sensational renunciation of the succession to the Rumanian throne. To be sure, that romantic young lover had twice previously attempted to unburden himself of the prospective cares of State, but without success and under less sensational conditions. According to current rumor, the Prince's devotion to his former wife — or, other accounts have it, to some other person's wife; his aversion to Princess Helene of Greece, to whom he was married, it is said, in the interest of Queen Marie's dynastic ambitions, during one of the monarchist interludes in Greece; his enmity to the Bratianos, who are now virtual dictators of Rumania under constitutional forms; and unfortunate incidents attending his private business speculations, including certain army contracts for airplanes made through his intervention, played a part in this little drama.

Bulgaria is apparently drifting back to constitutionalism, and has just changed her cabinet under normal parliamentary pressure. But in Greece the coup d'état carried out last June by General Pangalos has developed into an unveiled dictatorship. Plans

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for electing a new parliament in that country have apparently been indefinitely postponed, ostensibly because opponents of the Dictator attempted to use the adverse decision of the League of Nations in Greece's recent controversy with Bulgaria against the existing Government.

Some alarm has been caused in Liberal, Labor, and pacifist circles in Europe by recent developments in the Near East. France's new High Commissioner to Syria, Henry de Jouvenel, is supposed to have reached some sort of agreement with the British Foreign Office for common action in the Levant at the time of his visit to London before proceeding to his post. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the British Foreign Minister, during a later sojourn, ostensibly for rest and recuperation, at Rapallo, — the scene of the signature of the famous treaty between Germany and Soviet Russia, — had an important interview with Mussolini. Immediately after the League's Mosul decision against Turkey, Moscow and Angora concluded a treaty the published clauses of which are so noncommittal as to cause a suspicion that something deeper lies behind it.

Turkey, of course, is embittered by a decision that she believes violates the rights guaranteed her by previous treaties and agreements. She suspects France and Great Britian of having made a bargain by which the latter country will lend moral, and possibly material, support to the French in subduing the Syrian revolt. In return France is said to have promised Great Britain assistance in an eventual conflict with Turkey. If hostilities should ensue next spring, Italy and possibly Greece might take a part, in return for adequate compensation, as agents commissioned by the League of Nations to enforce its decision. Filled with these suspicions, Turkey has concentrated forces on the Syrian border, and the Druse insurgents have apparently entertained hope of aid from that quarter. On the other hand, Britain is technically defending Arab interests at Mosul as mandate-protector of the Kingdom of Irak, and Arab papers, ordinarily hostile to Great Britain, greeted the League's decision with approval. Certain Paris papers charge English influences in Transjordania with affording aid and comfort to the Druse insurgents; and at the same time Mr. Baldwin's representatives are negotiating diligently with Mustapha Kemal's Government for an amicable Mosul solution, which it is rumored will bring additional funds into Turkey's depleted treasury.

Whether Russia's support of Turkey, if it comes to fighting, would be more than platonic is very doubtful. But the recent treaty has started more or less talk of an 'Asiatic Locarno' aimed against the European Locarno. As a matter of fact, Russia's Asiatic frontier is too long and too precariously defended for her to court serious trouble at any point along the line. In fact, she has more at stake in Manchuria than in Anatolia so long as Constantinople itself is not threatened.

Feng Yu-hsiang's trip to Moscow, which has been reported canceled, leaves it doubtful who will actually command his former forces. The processes of his mind are unusually mysterious and unpredictable even for an Oriental. The Chinese puzzle as a whole evidently involves two factors of an entirely different order — one military, the other moral. Chang Tso-lin has one of the best arsenals in China, and apparently he can procure either from his own resources or from Japan ample supplies of ammunition. On the other hand, he suffers from the handicap of his bandit origin and his alleged partnership with the Japanese, and he

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probably owes his recent comeback at Mukden to foreign aid. When Wu Pei-fu defeated Chang Tso-lin in 1922, it was generally understood that a secret Japanese ultimatum prevented Wu from following up his victory and driving Chang 'clear into Tokyo,' as he had publicly threatened to do. Consequently the moral factor of nascent Chinese patriotism is against Chang. But Feng and his supporters, who included the late Kuo Sun-lin who deserted and fought Chang, lack ammunition and other military supplies, and have hitherto been excluded from the sea. They therefore must perforce depend on Soviet Russia for support. Moreover, as they represent the Nationalist movement, foreign interests in China, except Feng's missionary supporters, are hostile to them. On the other hand, the moral forces that are making for a new and independent China governed by civilian officials instead of military dictators are behind Feng. That leader and his supporters may be defeated and disappear, but the movement they represent will doubtless win in the long run.

THE CHERVONETS AND THE FRANC

A Soviet Satire on Russia's Stable Currency and France's Fluctuating Exchange
— *Izvestia*, Moscow

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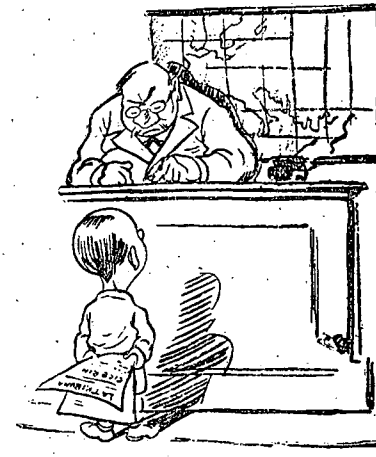

'What separates France and Germany?'
'Russia, teacher.'
— *La Tribuna*, Rome

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ARISTIDE BRIAND[1]

A PORTRAIT BY A FRIEND

BY JULES SAUERWEIN

THE author is the editor-in-chief of *Matin*, one of the most widely circulated Paris dailies.]

I DID not know Briand during the years when he was editor of *Lanterne* and a successful candidate in several elections. At that time he led the life of a jovial Bohemian and lived in a modest way, without exhibiting any remarkable ambition. He worked industriously on his newspaper, which was primarily anti-Clerical. At Locarno last fall he once referred briefly to this period of his life.

'A certain Mayer,' he said, 'managed the *Lanterne*. We always reserved the most prominent place in the paper for the misdeeds of the clergy, headlining the department, "Monsters in a Surplice." An old colleague of ours had charge of this department, and, unless we wanted to incur Mayer's serious displeasure, we must discover at least three times every week some new scandal involving a member of the priesthood. This chap was a careless fellow, however, who sometimes neglected his work. So he happened to publish one day in *Lanterne* an article entitled "A Contemptible Priest" that unfortunately contained nothing to justify the headline. He had read the article so carelessly that he did not discover that it was an account of a priest who had rescued two little boys who had fallen into the water and were drowning. That blunder cost him his job. But it was only an accident that the error was discovered — for you know,' added Briand with a philosophical smile, 'the real thing in a newspaper is the headline, not the text below it.'

In those days Briand used to play cards every day at the Café du Croissant, and when he had a run of bad luck he sometimes would take off his shoes and set them on the table to change it. Although he lived in near-revolutionary circles, he was distinguished from his associates by a gift of saving common-sense, a faculty for appraising human nature accurately, and a sort of enlightened skepticism. He was convinced that men were neither as good nor as bad as we assume them to be in politics.

I shall not recite Briand's biography here. Anyone could do that. But I have spent many hours with him on great occasions, and I can, I think, tell you first-hand something of his character as displayed in times of crisis. I have spoken of his earlier days because there is something in Briand that has never changed. He is still what he was from the outset — a remarkable speaker; and he is as he ever has been — a man who loves peace and whose affections are stronger than his hatreds.

His gift as a public speaker is truly remarkable. When you listen to a

[1] From *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna Nationalist-Liberal daily), *December* 25

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speech by Poincaré, or even by an improviser like Lloyd George, you may be delighted at its clarity and grace and power. But when you listen to a speech by Briand you feel as if someone were describing vividly to you a great work of art. His sentences rarely expand into classic periods. They are seldom perfectly correct. But they have a wonderful effect, because they are spoken in such complete accord with his hearers. They are the speech of the audience as well as the speech of the man upon the platform. If you try to separate the speaker from his listeners the charm departs. His addresses are not composed in the study; neither are they the fruit of retirement and self-communion. They come to him on the spur of the moment, although he knows clearly from the outset toward what goal he is steering. He is a persuader who accommodates his arguments to the mood of the moment, and who, even in the middle of a sentence, grasps the subtlest change in the minds of his hearers and all the imponderables of the situation before him. His resonant, flexible, and expressive voice is a great gift, although it has often been ridiculed by his opponents, who call him the 'Old Baritone' or the 'Gypsy 'Cellist.'

Briand is not very different in confidential conversation from what he is upon the platform. I must confess that a journalist, even though he be an intimate friend, often finds it a strenuous task to interview him. Why? Because Aristide Briand finds it very difficult to stem the torrent of his argument, his thoughts, his dreams, in order to answer an indiscreet question or to respond to another's suggestion. In talking with him I have often recalled the old peasants of his native province, Brittany, whom you pass on the road, utterly absorbed in the vision of things unseen, listening to voices that only they can hear, preoccupied with what exists only for themselves. If you speak to them, if you ask them the simplest question, — for instance, the shortest road to the next village, — they are obviously put out to have their reveries interrupted, and frequently either cannot or will not give an answer.

Aristide Briand finds it as difficult as do these peasants to break away abruptly from his course of thought. During his career as a statesman he has often had to make weighty decisions and to assume responsibilities of tremendous consequence. In these cases he has always been governed by his own profound intuitions, so that his acts have a peculiarly personal quality. For example, there was the decision he made during the war, against the judgment of every one of his advisers, but that he stuck to and carried out. I mean the expedition to Saloniki. His imagination always represented to him the end of the war as coming in the Balkans, and he maintained that opinion with a sort of apostolic obstinacy against Kitchener, Robertson, Lloyd George, and even against most of the military leaders and statesmen of France.

Nothing makes Briand more indignant than to be accused of pliability. Once, when he was Premier, somebody whose name I do not remember described his character in an article as 'bordering on deceptiveness.' He was so angry that during his speeches on electoral reform he repeatedly referred to that accusation with great bitterness. He was then in one of his periods of disgust with politics that explain why he has often held office for so short a term and has abandoned a post that he might easily have retained. I can still see him, as plainly as if it were yesterday, when he concluded his defense of his Cabinet on one great occasion with a gesture of weariness. He

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was already descending from the platform when he spoke the last sentence: 'If my Government cannot convince you, it is high time for it to go.' He was not overthrown — he walked out of office.

Although Briand is very clever at adapting his means to his ends, at modifying and accommodating his measures to the requirements of a given situation, he has absolutely nothing of the unscrupulousness of a Machiavelli or even of a Talleyrand. He believes in great political ideals. Philippe Berthelot, who knows him better than any other man, once told me that there was no other person in French public life who had Briand's courage. But this courage exhibits itself in consistency of convictions and policies, and not in conquering or dominating his opponents.

Briand's ideas upon peace and the security of France have developed logically since the war. At Locarno he converted them for the most part into actualities, because he was working with men whom he knew how to convince. But he really held the same opinions at a time when they were regarded as far too advanced — at the time of the Cannes Conference. Conditions were undoubtedly different on the two occasions. He was negotiating in the first instance for a security pact with England; in the second instance, for a world agreement to ensure the economic recovery of Europe and an enduring general peace. But fundamentally his policy was the same on both occasions. He developed it in detail to me one evening in his hotel at Cannes: —

'What you think of as a thing in itself is really only a part of something bigger. The security pact that I want to conclude with England is intended to be incorporated before long in a general European security pact.' He told me that in January 1922, three years and two months after the end of the war. Even at that early date he contemplated conferences in which the German Chancellor and even Lenin should participate upon a footing of equality.

If it had been possible for him to carry out his plan at that time, Europe would unquestionably have been saved great suffering and great loss. Now, to conceive a programme like that at a time when the National Bloc still had a majority in the Chamber demanded a quality of courage of the Premier, and implied a genuine love of peace, that seem to me exceedingly rare among public men. No man in France is bolder than Briand in his conceptions and in his courage to carry them out. But when he received Millerand's telegram calling him back to Paris, and saw that his dream was not shared either by the President or by his own colleagues, his skeptical contempt for his fellow men outweighed his love of battle. He resigned, and even refrained from giving the magnificent oration that he had already outlined in his mind to deliver in defense of his policy before the Chamber.

I have said that the guiding principle of Briand's career is love of peace. That is a principle that goes back to the disturbed years of his early youth when he preached internationalism. Now he recently showed himself, only a few months ago, to be still an internationalist in the best sense of the word. He appealed for the unity of nations, for the same ideal that he used to serve when he was preaching the class struggle.

As he loves his country from the bottom of his soul, he has always felt utter contempt and disgust for blatant, loud-mouthed 'patriots.' He said to me only the other day, after coming back from Locarno: 'Our Nationalists are funny people. They start out by

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declaring that Germany is a horrible country with twenty-four million more inhabitants than we have, who cherish an indestructible love of militarism, and possess industrial plants that enable them to equip themselves for war overnight. But what consequences do these Nationalists draw from all this? That we must irritate that dangerous country in every possible way and neglect no opportunity to make it hate us. But even that is not enough. The second article in their creed is that we should be on the worst possible terms with England, that we should shout and write on every occasion that she is trying to ruin us. And as to the Italians, we must make it clear to them that we do not take them seriously, that we shall treat them as the "mandolin-players" that we claim they are. And, to put a finishing touch on this magnificent policy, it is imperative, last of all, that we have no relations whatsoever with Russia, and that we abuse the Americans for greedy pork-packers because they have the impudence to demand back the money they loaned us. You may say that I am exaggerating and that such a political programme could emanate only from an insane asylum. But just watch those people, my friend. Listen to them, read their newspapers and their books, and you will see that I am not exaggerating. In fact, I am not putting it strong enough.'

Perhaps Briand's most characteristic trait is that, with all his idealism, he is such a matter-of-fact, inflexible realist. That is because, despite his gift for eloquence, he is free from the weakness of many orators. He does not allow himself to become intoxicated with phrases, like most preachers of humanitarian ideas. He never allows himself to forget the dictates of common-sense and practical political possibilities. I watched him the other day when he was signing the Treaty of Locarno at the historic table in the British Foreign Office. It was the first occasion for a long time that he had made some previous preparation for the little speech he was about to make. But most of it was nevertheless quite impromptu. He turned clear around, almost with his back to Chamberlain, in order to look Chancellor Luther and Herr Stresemann directly in the face, and he said to them: 'Our people have fought against each other on the battlefield with equal heroism. Has n't the time now come for us to work together for European peace?'

Briand had already expressed the same sentiment on a more formal occasion at Locarno. When he repeated it again in London his words were not mere empty sound or pious wishes for European unity. They expressed his feelings, and his tone and manner indicated that he was offering Germany a covenant in which spiritual forces would of course play a part, but which must necessarily be based on concrete facts. It was as if he had said to these gentlemen: 'You see, I regard you again as on the same plane as other nations, since I refer to your heroism during the war, while for the past five years no Allied statesman, none of your former enemies, has mentioned the war without recalling your responsibility for it and charging you with that crime. We shall not talk of such things any longer. I offer you peace in the presence of the accredited representatives of all Europe. But this is no tender of unlimited confidence. I do it because I have succeeded in obtaining a Security Pact under the terms of which anyone who violates that Pact, whether it be your country or whether it be my own, will be promptly called to account by an unconquerable coalition.'

Stresemann did not misunderstand those words, and when I hunted him up

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the next morning he said to me: 'Briand took a remarkably fine stand, and we know how to appreciate it fully. But, when we come down to making actual terms with him, he is a very hard bargainer.' Nevertheless, Briand's hard bargaining in that respect pleased Stresemann better than the manner of other French statesmen who also profess to love peace. He said of the latter: 'They are visionaries. You cannot talk business with them.'

No one will be surprised therefore to learn that Aristide Briand's qualities make him a negotiator of the first rank. He neglects nothing that will contribute to the cordial atmosphere of a conference. He has the gift of making his colleagues in a negotiation feel that he respects their opinions and welcomes their advice. Nothing could have been more tactful, moreover, than to arrange that simple meeting, under the pergola at Ascona, with Chancellor Luther — with the very man whom French troops only two years before had arrested in the city of which he was mayor and had thrown into prison. The whole world saw, in the confidential and friendly conversation that followed over a cup of coffee under the laughing eyes of a plump Swiss waitress, with a purring cat, which both men stroked alternately, rubbing against their legs, a symbol of the spirit of Locarno.

At about eleven o'clock on the evening of the next to the last day of the Conference, I pushed my way into the little dining-room on the mezzanine floor of the Grand Hotel at Locarno, which Briand had reserved. He had been in conference with Chamberlain and the German Ministers for five and one-half hours. It was the most important of their conversations, and the one that finally persuaded the German representatives to sign the treaty. It had been an exhausting interview; for it had taken all his powers of persuasion to convince them. Yet he had not gone one word too far; he had combined perfect frankness and uprightness with the utmost of honorable concession. When I entered, Briand was smoking his cigar in front of the table, from which the dishes had not yet been removed. I asked him to tell me in a word what had been done. I was in a great hurry to get to my telephone, in order to add the last words to an article describing the great importance of that evening's work.

Briand said: 'My dear friend, you won't get a word out of me — you won't get the shadow of a glimpse of what happened, until you have sat down at that piano and played the finale of the *Valkyrie*. We need it.'

It was after eleven, and I looked with alarm at the clock. I sat down at the piano, but I would not swear that the magical passages of Wotan's farewell were not played in record time. The moment I finished he said: 'Now sit down and listen.' In five minutes I knew all that had happened — in fact, even more. For he outlined the whole plan of his future policy to me in those few words.

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WHEN MUSSOLINI WAS A SOCIALIST[1]

BY ANGELICA BALABANOFF

ANGELICA BALABANOFF is one of the most popular speakers in the Italian Labor movement. Her reminiscences, naturally, are written from the standpoint of a Socialist. It should be remembered, also, that Mussolini had a good record at the front during the war.

I FIRST became acquainted with Mussolini in 1906, when I made a speech to the Italian emigrant laborers at Lausanne. He was at that time a young man twenty-two or twenty-three years old, and caught my attention by his appearance of extreme poverty and distress. He even then had a restless, unsteady glance, like a man with some hereditary affliction. I thought to myself, 'Here is a poor persecuted proletarian who certainly needs a word of comfort,' and asked him who he was and whence he came.

Mussolini told me that he had fled from Italy because he would not serve in the army. He was in great pecuniary distress, living mostly on the bounty of Italian masons and street laborers at Lausanne. One of the masons told me at the time that his wife had patched up some of the old family underwear for Mussolini. It was thus that these Italian emigrants, most of whom were poor casual laborers, were helping a refugee who had prepared himself to be a public-school teacher at home but had not been able to settle down at that calling.

Mussolini is the son of a poor workman, a blacksmith, who lived in Predapio, near Forlì, in the Romagna. His father was a Socialist and a member of the First International. Mussolini grew up, therefore, amid Socialist surroundings. The farm laborers in his native village belonged to the Party; and, being a man who readily adopted the opinions of those who surrounded him, he likewise became a member.

During my first conversation with Mussolini he told me that his great ambition was to translate Kautsky's *Day after the Social Revolution* into Italian, because he could get fifty francs for the work. I volunteered to assist him. The result was that whenever I returned to Lausanne I saw Mussolini and did most of the translating for him, as he knew very little German at the time.

Since he as yet had no regular trade, he read a great deal, particularly French authors like Blanqui, and thoroughly saturated himself in the French school of thought. He has always been a very adaptable man, possessing, in addition to the gift of ready assimilation that most Italians have, the suggestibility of a nervous and abnormally impressionable person.

Since about 1900 we had published at Lausanne a Socialist paper, still in existence, called *L'Avvenire del Lavoratore*, to which I occasionally contributed. Mussolini began to submit articles to this paper, mostly of an anticlerical and antimilitary type. His anticlericalism was very primitive. He

[1] From the *Arbeiter Zeitung* (Vienna Conservative-Socialist daily), *December* 25

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never attempted a scientific interpretation of religious problems, but merely denounced the priesthood as an institution. He also wrote a pamphlet about this time in which he tried to prove the nonexistence of a deity. It is one of the ironies of history that the circulation of this pamphlet is now forbidden in Italy by Prime Minister Mussolini.

A few years later — I think it was in 1909 or 1910 — Mussolini was amnestied and returned to Italy, where he became editor of one of the two hundred or more Socialist weeklies then published there, called *La Lotta di Classe*. He invited me several times to speak in his neighborhood. I recall giving an address for him once in Forlì upon the Paris Commune. It was a lively meeting. The peasant landowners in that section were all Republicans, and the farm laborers were Socialists to a man, so that the Community was divided into two bitterly hostile camps. The Republicans tried to break up my meeting by holding a bowling-tournament at an osteria near the open field where I was to speak. The Socialists regarded that as a provocation, and were very angry. Mussolini was tremendously excited. I paid no attention to all this disturbance, but delivered my speech. After it was over, Mussolini informed me, trembling with emotion, that there had been some fighting in which a laborer had stabbed a Republican. I remember distinctly my impression at that time that Mussolini's nervousness was due, not so much to a feeling of responsibility for this unlucky incident, as to worry over its possible unpleasant personal consequences for himself.

After it was all over we drove down to the railway station in a carriage. Mussolini insisted strenuously on having carabinieri to protect us. So a party of them preceded us in a separate carriage, and others rode in our carriage. We had hardly started when there was a shot. It was intended for us, but was fired at the first carriage filled with carabinieri. Mussolini was in mortal terror, and begged me piteously not to leave town. He could n't stay there alone. There was no knowing what might happen. I explained to him that I could not stay because the next day was the first of May and I had engagements to speak elsewhere; but Mussolini kept pleading with me even on the railway platform not to go. Finally I left after our comrades had promised me in Mussolini's presence that they would personally protect him.

At the Socialist convention in Reggio nell' Emilia, we Radicals, to whom Mussolini then belonged, had a majority over the Reformists. Their leaders were expelled from the organization upon a motion made by Mussolini. All the other Reformists then resigned their seats on the Executive Committee and were replaced by Radicals, including myself and Mussolini, who was elected as the representative of the province of Romagna.

A few months later Bacci, editor-in-chief of *Avanti*, our Party organ at Milan, was obliged to resign his post. The Party Executive met at Rome, and Mussolini was suggested for this position. Some objection was raised on the ground that he was too much of an individualist and not sufficiently subservient to party discipline. Mussolini did not want the appointment, thinking that he lacked the necessary experience. Before we had settled the question we took a recess, and at dinner that noon Mussolini told me that he felt a serious disinclination to accepting so responsible a position. During the afternoon session he suddenly declared that he would take it, but only under

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one condition — that I go to Milan with him as his assistant. This was only a few minutes after we had been dining together, and yet it was the first time he had made such a suggestion. He evidently wished to take me by surprise. I agreed to the proposal, as I always regarded Mussolini as a rather weak man who needed help and advice, and thought it my duty as a Socialist to assist him. But though I thought him weak, I believed he was loyal to the Party and a whole-hearted revolutionist; and I still believe that these were his real sentiments at the time.

At the editorial office I worked side by side with Mussolini for several hours every day and learned to know him intimately. His yellow streak was indicated by the fact that he was not willing to go to Milan alone, but must have someone with him to stand by him and share his responsibility; and this quality impressed me more strongly the longer we worked together. He talked over everything with me and wanted me to read every important article before it went to the printer. Whenever there was a particularly difficult situation to be handled he generally asked me to write the editorial for him. He did not talk much with the other members of the staff, but was reserved and distant toward them.

He was very easily influenced. Once — this happened also to be the day before the first of May — he summoned me in great excitement to hand me an article that he had written against a syndicalist who had attacked him personally. This article was written in such a violent and argumentative tone that I told him it was not suitable for *Avanti*, especially for the May Day number. Mussolini declared in great agitation that it was a matter of life and death for him to settle with the fellow. He must have his revenge, and was now in a position to take it, for the man had exposed himself to retaliation by gratuitously attacking him. He immediately said good-bye, for he was leaving for a May Day meeting in Switzerland. Half an hour later he telephoned me from the railway station to say: 'You are right. That article does not really belong in *Avanti*. Please see that it is n't printed.'

Mussolini is also physically timid. Every night he used to ask me to wait for him until the newspaper was 'put to bed,' so that he would not have to walk home alone. He was afraid to go out unaccompanied. When I asked him what he was afraid of, he would say nervously: 'I don't know — of myself, of my shadow, of the trees, of the dogs.' So I used to stay with him every night till 4 A.M. and walk with him to his door. I wondered at first why he wanted me for a companion, but soon discovered that he was very sensitive about his timidity and disliked particularly to confess it to a man.

One day Mussolini returned from a speaking-tour very tired, and told me that he could n't keep it up, that he was done for, and that he had an incurable disease. In fact he gossiped away in a remarkably frank, though decent enough, way about himself. I advised him to go to a competent physician and have a thorough physical examination. The next afternoon he came into the office accompanied by a doctor, and very pale. He said he felt nauseated, that he could smell chloroform everywhere, that the doctor had punctured his skin to make a blood test, and that he had fainted during the operation. I spoke with the physician, who told me that he was the head of a large clinic in Milan and had treated several thousand patients but that he had never had to deal with a man who showed such physical timidity as Mussolini.

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Another of Mussolini's weaknesses, which indicated the same nervous and impressionable temperament, was his inability to say No. He told me once in his usual excited manner that one of our comrades from Genoa would arrive that evening and that he was the strongest man in the Italian Party. The fellow would want him, as a member of the Party management, to approve a proposal to be submitted to the Executive Committee. Mussolini did not favor the proposal, but did not wish to talk with the man, and asked me to do so in his place. This comrade arrived about half-past ten and argued the matter with me until nearly four o'clock the following morning. Mussolini meanwhile kept out of sight in his private office. When the man left without my consenting to approve his scheme, Mussolini came out and said that he could not understand how I held out against his insistence. The next day I met the man from Genoa, who told me with great satisfaction that he had got what he wanted. He had called upon Mussolini at his house and persuaded him to give his written approval to the proposal.

Things ran on in this way until 1914. In August of that year Mussolini, who reflected as usual the sentiment of those by whom he was surrounded, was an ardent internationalist and antimilitarist. He read somewhere in a Socialist magazine that it would be a disaster for Germany to be defeated, because this would weaken the highly developed Labor movement in that country. So for some months after the outbreak of the war he defended this opinion, not because he had conceived it himself, but because it had been suggested to him. At that time sentiment against Italy's entering the war was not confined to the proletariat alone. Soon, however, the war spirit began to spread among the middle classes and to infect Mussolini himself.

But he published his first declaration in favor of joining the Allies in a bourgeois newspaper, through the intervention of a friend. This article, which professed to show that the Socialist Party was not unanimous about the war, and stated that an influential member of the Executive Committee was in favor of Italy's fighting on the side of France, created a tremendous sensation. The Party Executive immediately summoned a conference at Bologna, where Mussolini was called upon to defend his action. The day before the meeting he published an article in *Avanti* openly advertising his change of front. He wanted Italy to go to war on the side of the Western Powers, and was evidently anxious to commit the Party to this action before the conference was held.

We rode down to Bologna together in November 1914. I read the article on the train, and said to Mussolini: 'If you wrote that, you should either enlist in the army or be put in an insane asylum. You surely cannot expect to remain a member of the Socialist Party!' Mussolini answered confidently: 'The whole Party Executive will stand by me.'

He was evidently utterly deceived on this point, for the Party was a unit against him.

I shall never forget that conference at Bologna. It was one of the most tragic scenes I ever witnessed. One member after another of the Executive Committee took the floor and condemned Mussolini's attitude. He sat silent, with a gloomy, angry, unsteady, wandering look, like a man accused of a crime. Finally I spoke, telling him that he should reconsider his position, not because he was indispensible on the *Avanti*, for there were no indis-

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pensable men in the Socialist Party, but because he was embarking on a course that was false to himself and to all that he had stood for in the past. Mussolini made no reply until the Executive Committee had voted unanimously to remove him from his post, and I had made a motion that some monetary provision should be made for him. Then he rose and said in a rough, blunt way: —

'I don't need anything. I shall throw away my pen. I shall never write again. I shall go back to my own trade as a mason at five lire a day.'

But, as a matter of fact, funds had already been privately raised to found a paper in which Mussolini was to be free to preach war. He impressed me at that time as a man terrified by his own evil conscience.

NEW TESTIMONY CONCERNING JESUS[1]

BY C. F. LEHMANN-HAUPT

THREE important secular references to Jesus Christ and the Christians exist, dating from the early Imperial period. Of these, the one by Tacitus in his *Annals*, and the report to the Emperor Trajan of his friend, the Younger Pliny, as Governor of Bithynia, with the Emperor's reply to it, are of undoubted authenticity and historical importance. But the third and the earliest of these references, and the only one that specifically mentions Jesus by name, that of Josephus in his *Antiquities of the Jews*, is not above suspicion. The controversy over its genuineness is still lively, and was a principal topic of discussion at the last meeting of the German Philological Association.

Josephus, who is known to have lived in the times of the Flavian emperors, deals in the eighteenth book of his *Antiquities of the Jews* with the governorship of Pontius Pilate. In the Greek text, as it has come down to us, the reference to Jesus reads as follows:—

'Now, there was about this time Jesus, a wise man, if it be lawful to call him a man, for he was a doer of wonderful works, a teacher of such men as receive the truth with pleasure. He drew over to him both many of the Jews, and many of the Gentiles. He was [the] Christ; and when Pilate, at the suggestion of the principal men amongst us, had condemned him to the cross, those that loved him at the first did not forsake him, for he appeared to them alive again the third day, as the divine prophets had foretold these and ten thousand other wonderful things concerning him; and the tribe of Christians, so named from him, are not extinct at this day.'

Many critics accept this passage as authentic. Other scholars consider it a Christian interpolation. The latter point out that Josephus arranged his topics with great care under definite headings. His account of the governorship of Pontius Pilate contained a chapter upon tumults and public disorders, most of which Pilate personally suppressed. But the passage mentioning

[1] From the *Frankfurter Zeitung* (Liberal daily), *December* 13, 15, 17

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Jesus, which contains nothing about any disorder or uprising, interrupts this arrangement and breaks the continuity of the narrative. Furthermore, three glaring faults of euphony, always avoided in good Greek prose, occur in this passage, while the rest of the work is remarkably free from them. Last of all, it is hard to explain the absence of any specific account of the crucifixion, especially in view of the fact that Josephus describes in detail the execution of John the Baptist, and the stoning of Jacob, 'the brother of Jesus, the so-called Messiah.'

We know that the movement that had gathered around Jesus must have been regarded by the Romans and by Jews of the upper class as a dangerous popular agitation, and that Jesus was executed as an insurgent leader. The trilingual inscription over His cross, the familiar I. N. R. I., *Jesus Nazarenus, Rex Judæorum*, sufficiently proves that fact. This logically leads to the assumption that the passage in question is a Christian revision of the original text and not an outright interpolation in the manuscript as Josephus, a whole-hearted enemy of the Christians, originally wrote it. I may add that several cases of direct interpolations by Christian writers are known to exist in Josephus's writings.

The reference just mentioned to Jacob, 'the brother of Jesus,' implies an earlier reference to Jesus himself. That also supports the presumption that Josephus did give an account of Jesus in that section of the work where it logically belonged — in his account of disturbances and insurrections. He would have the authority of the Evangelists themselves for placing it there. His *Antiquities of the Jews* was written in the year 93 or 94 A.D. Saint Mark, author of the earliest of the four Gospels, wrote about the middle sixties of the first century. Saint Mark refers definitely to certain disorders that attended the arrival of Jesus at Jerusalem (xv. 7): 'And there was one named Barabbas, which lay bound with them that had made insurrection with him, who had committed murder in the insurrection.' This is further confirmed in a milder form by Saint Luke (xxiii. 19): 'Who for a certain sedition made in the city, and for murder, was cast into prison.'

Proceeding from the evidence of the Evangelists themselves that certain disturbances — in fact, disturbances accompanied by bloodshed — attended the hailing of Jesus as Messiah, it seems very probable that this aspect of the incident was emphasized by Josephus in his original text and subsequently eliminated by a Christian reviser. Fortunately, a fragment of a later Byzantine author, Johannes Antiochenus, who flourished about 600 A.D., has come to light, which bears evidence of being a citation from this portion of Josephus's work. After stating that, under the reign of Tiberius, Jesus, when he was thirty-three years old, was accused by the Jews of trying to destroy their religion and to set up a new one in its place, this apparent quotation continues: 'And the people gathered together in Jerusalem and raised a great disturbance, crying out against God and against the Emperor.' Later his opponents 'seized Jesus during the night and brought him before the Governor, Pontius Pilate. The latter, either from fear of the mob or because he was bribed, ordered that Jesus be crucified, although no guilt was proved against him.'

Sometime before he wrote his *Antiquities*, Josephus had written a *History of the Jewish War* — the war that ended with the capture and destruction of Jerusalem by the Emperor Titus. He himself had fought against the Romans at this time, although he later

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became politically reconciled with them and won the favor of the Emperor Vespasian. He dealt with the governorship of Pontius Pilate in the second book of this earlier work, where he mentions two uprisings caused by that governor's impolitic measures: when Pilate brought the Imperial standards, which the Jews regarded as idols, into Jerusalem; and when he took a part of the Temple treasure to pay for an aqueduct into that city. In his *Antiquities* Josephus describes other disturbances that involved the Jews in Rome and the Samaritans. But the appearance of Jesus is not mentioned in any way in the Greek manuscripts of the *Jewish War* that have come down to us. The disputed passage in the *Antiquities* relating to Jesus follows immediately after the account of the revolts caused by bringing in the Roman standards and by the building of the aqueduct.

An old North Slavic translation of the *Jewish War* has come to light of recent years, however, which contains a full account of the appearance of Jesus at Jerusalem. On the one hand, this account is obviously related to the passage in the *Antiquities*; on the other, it resembles what we should expect a Jewish author like Josephus to say about Jesus. This Slavic text likewise contains Christian interpolations, but they are so patent that it is easy to eliminate them. Omitting the latter, the passage in question reads as follows: —

'At that time a man appeared, if he can be called a man. His nature and his body were human, but his appearance was more than human. He performed miracles through some invisible power. Some said of him that he was our first Lawgiver [Moses], risen from the dead and making himself known by many healings and magic works; others thought that he was sent by God. I personally, in view of his whole life, should not call him a messenger of God. For he opposed many things in the Law and did not observe the Sabbath according to ancestral custom. Yet, on the other hand, he did nothing unworthy or criminal, but only through his words did he accomplish what he did. And many of the people followed him and accepted his doctrine; and many souls wavered, thinking that through him the Jewish people would be liberated from the Roman yoke. It was his custom to tarry on the Mount of Olives near the city, and it was there that he healed people, and there he gathered to him one hundred and fifty slaves and a great multitude of the lower classes. When they saw his power and that he could do what he willed by the magic of his word, they demanded that he proceed into the city and destroy the Roman soldiers and Pontius Pilate who ruled over us. . . . And when the leaders of the Jews learned of this, the high priests gathered together and said: "We are powerless and weak and cannot defy the Romans; but inasmuch as the bow is drawn against us we shall go and tell Pilate what we have heard. Then we shall be free from blame. For if Pilate should hear of this from others, our property may be taken from us and we as well as this other man may be slaughtered, and the Children of Israel will be dispersed to the ends of the earth." And they went forth and reported this to Pilate, and the latter took prompt measures and ordered that many of the multitude be slain but that their miracle-worker be brought to him. And after Pilate had heard the case against him, the Romans took him and crucified him according to ancestral custom.'

We are first of all struck in this passage by certain identities with the passage in the *Antiquities*. The introductory sentences describing Jesus as a man and yet as a superhuman miracle-

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worker are either the same or are close paraphrases of the same statement. The two narratives, so far as they cover the same incidents, practically parallel each other.

On the other hand, the Slavic passage contains enough original material to make it impossible for it to be a mere expansion of the old familiar passage in the *Antiquities*. We may rest assured that we are dealing here with a genuine record derived from Josephus, and presumably with the original passage from which a later Christian reviser has eliminated the very points that justified its inclusion in the part of Josephus's work where it appeared — that is, among the accounts of insurrections, as the episode it described would appear to be in the eyes of the Jewish high priests and of the Romans. That is expressly stated where it is said that the followers of Jesus demanded of him that he enter the city and destroy the Roman soldiers and Pilate who ruled over them. The entry of Jesus into Jerusalem as the Messiah with a great convoy of followers is described accurately from the Jewish standpoint. Furthermore, the expression, 'and ordered that many of the multitude be slain,' is the stereotyped phrase used by Josephus in describing how the other uprisings recorded in the *Antiquities* were suppressed.

Another point. This Slavic account gives us no information as to how Jesus responded to the demand made upon him. This leads us to refer again to Johannes Antiochenus: 'And the people gathered together in Jerusalem and raised a great disturbance, crying out against God and against the Emperor.' Apparently we have here still another sentence from the account as it came from the pen of Josephus himself.

We are next led to inquire from what source the passage in the ancient Slavic version of the *Jewish War* was derived. Scholars detected at once that the old Russian wording did not come from the Greek version of the *Jewish War* as we possess it to-day, but from another version that we know of from Josephus himself. That author, in the introduction to the Greek edition of his *Jewish War*, explained that he had written the work because the war of the Jews against the Romans had been often described by people who were not familiar with the facts and who dealt with them from a partisan standpoint. 'So I have decided to translate into Greek for the people of the Roman Empire what I have before written in my mother tongue and sent to the non-Greeks dwelling in the lands beyond our frontier.' The latter, as he tells us subsequently, were the Jews in the Parthian Empire and Babylonia, those dwelling in farthest Arabia on the Persian Gulf, and their kinsmen the people of Adiabene beyond the Euphrates, whose rulers and nobility had adopted the Jewish religion. Josephus's mother tongue was Aramaic, a Semitic dialect that has shown great vitality and powers of expansion. In fact, it had supplanted Hebrew in Palestine and was written there with Hebrew letters. We know, of course, that Jesus spoke Aramaic.

Our assumption that the old Russian version is based upon the original Aramaic text of Josephus is strengthened by the fact that it not only contains this new material about Jesus and the Christians, but diverges from the Greek text throughout, so that it cannot possibly be regarded as a variant or an abbreviation of the latter.

Assuming that such an Aramaic text was possessed by the Jews in Babylonia, Persia, Eastern Arabia, and the neighboring lands, it would be very easy for it to pass into the hands of the Jews in Armenia and Southern Russia, and likewise into the hands of the Turk-

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ish Khazars, who dwelt in South Russia and whose kings adopted the Jewish faith between 860 and 900 A.D. and traded regularly both with Russia on the north and with Persia on the south. When these Khazars were conquered by the Russians in 969 and forced to accept Christianity, many of their manuscripts doubtless fell into the hands of the conquerors, and the Aramaic version of Josephus, like several other Jewish writings in Hebrew, was presumably translated into ancient Slavic by one of these forcibly converted Khazar-Jewish rabbis. Certain syntactical and philological peculiarities of the Slavic text point clearly to such an origin and to such a translator.

Many other new and interesting glimpses into the history and archæology of the Jews are contained in this version. The fact that Josephus was subsequently regarded as a traitor to the Jewish cause sufficiently explains why his Aramaic history of the war was never quoted by the Jews, but was preserved among the Khazar-Turk converts to that faith, who had no sentimental attachment to Hebrew nationalism.

Critics generally recognize to-day that the purification of the Temple, when the money-changers and the sellers of animals for sacrifice were driven out, was an incident attending Jesus' entry into Jerusalem as the Messiah. In close connection with this is also the incident described by Saint Luke (xxii. 36–38): —

'Then said he unto them, But now, he that hath a purse, let him take it, and likewise his scrip: and he that hath no sword, let him sell his garment, and buy one.

'For I say unto you, that this that is written must yet be accomplished in me, And he was reckoned among the transgressors: for the things concerning me have an end.

'And they said, Lord, behold, here are two swords. And he said unto them, It is enough.'

What has thus been preserved in ancient Slavic was certainly at one time incorporated in the Greek text, but it has clearly been entirely eliminated from that version. Possibly this was originally done by Jews and the fact obscured by subsequent Christian emendations.

However that may be, this Slavic passage deals from a strictly Jewish point of view with the appearance of Jesus as the Messiah, describes it as accompanied by a popular tumult, and enables us to piece together fragments of testimony from the Evangels and other sources to form a much completer picture of the historical incident than we have hitherto possessed.

Many will regard these comparatively recent discoveries as important primarily for the evidence they contain that Jesus was an historical character. From the scholar's point of view that is secondary. The historical character of Jesus needs no additional proof. We have both adequate New Testament and lay authority for His existence.

Moreover, even if the Founder of the Christian religion had come down to us only as a mythical and legendary hero, His actuality as an historical character would be beyond doubt. Even if all direct knowledge of Him had been completely lost, we should have to assume that a doctrine and a faith that have had such a profound influence upon the history of the human race had some founder.

We already knew that consciousness of His mission as a Messiah dawned gradually upon Jesus. We knew that He accepted this mission, but with a much profounder conception of what that truly meant than His contemporaries and followers possessed. 'My

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kingdom is not of this world.' We also knew that Jesus eventually made concessions to the popular conception of his mission, as He must do if He were to persuade the masses. Unquestionably He was proclaimed as the Messiah entering His capital in triumph. This could not have occurred without His consent. That consent is inferred further by what followed when He drove the money-changers from the Temple the following day. He thus exercised a sovereign's right and by implication usurped the functions of the constituted authorities. Real grounds existed, therefore, for the fear that if the movement were allowed to spread it might threaten Roman suzerainty. We must recognize also that Jesus, who had grown up in the rustic surroundings of Galilee and had had little human experience with the world beyond His native province, was a stranger to the conditions and forces that He must encounter in a great capital.

But this new evidence from Josephus, combined with the corroborative testimony we previously possessed, makes clear for the first time, not only that Jesus' rejection of established institutions was regarded as dangerous rebellion by the Jewish hierarchy and the Romans, but that — certainly against the wish and inner convictions of Jesus — the movement He started acquired the form of a popular uprising.

MOCKING THE MIGHTY[1]

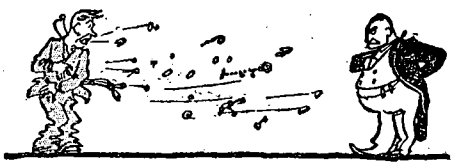
POLITICAL SATIRE IN EUROPE

I. INTERVIEWING MUSSOLINI

THIS is a bit of a scoop for the *New Leader*. I've had an interview with Mussolini.

Arriving at Rome, I spent three days in a dungeon for being a journalist — a mere formality that I did not mind, as when in Rome I do as Rome does. I was then led blindfold to the presence.

When the bandage was removed from my eyes, I found myself confronting the most magnetic personality I had ever seen. He was so magnetic that the studs flew out of my shirt and stuck on his chest. Looking closer, I noticed that the great man was covered



So magnetic that the studs flew out of my shirt

with metallic articles drawn from the people he had been interviewing that morning — buttons, cuff-links, tie-pins, rings, and an Ingersoll watch. I learned afterward that they are scraped off him

[1] From the *New Leader* (London Labor-Party weekly), *December* 18, and from the *Manchester Guardian Weekly* (Independent Liberal paper), *December* 18

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three times a day and sent to the lost-property office to be reclaimed.

And the face — how can I describe the face? To say it is the front part of his head is utterly inadequate. His dominating spirit shines through his face with such radiance that the police allow him to cycle at nights without a lamp. He can see to read by it — a thing I have never seen before. But the eyes — ah, those wonderful eyes! I cannot describe them. I started to, but made a mess of it. Anyhow, they read the secrets in my very soul, and probably the laundry-mark on my very vest.

In silence he gazed at me for half an hour. The strain was intolerable. I could feel my mind giving way under the power of his gaze. Finally, as the great clock on the tower of the Pinoli

My mind gave way under the power of his gaze

Palace boomed out the hour of ten to twelve, my mind did give way, and I began to repeat the tributaries of the Yorkshire Ouse, passing thence to the wives of Henry the Eighth.

The concentration of his gaze relaxed from 1500 volts to 50 kilowatts. He withdrew his eyes from my face, and the sudden release of the tension threw me forward into a magnificent Della Robbia fireplace. I regained my reason by an effort of the will that shot my dental plate out into a priceless Cellini spittoon.

'How are you getting on with Italy?' I gasped.

'Be seated,' he said, and an attendant drew forward the chair on which Cesare Borgia sat when he decided to push the Pope off the roof of the Vatican. I sat down, and immediately found myself thinking of the people I should like to push off a roof. Explain it who can. I cannot.

'After the war,' he began, 'those human baboons who still murder men, defile women, and debauch little children for love of the Russian proletariat made Italy the apex of their vast effort to overthrow civilization and Christianity.

'The plan of these baboons, led by the bloodthirsty mandrill Lenin, was this: "Italy," they said, "is only half awake. Let us destroy her while she sleeps, and so strike a stunning blow for that international revolution that will bring us yet more power, yet more loot, and yet more jewelry for the women we call our wives."'

'*Corpo tabacco*,' I exclaimed, 'did they say that?'

'Well,' said Mussolini, 'Gilbert Frankau says they did, in the *Sunday Pictorial*. And there 's not much he does n't know about Communism. He knew Lenin was a mandrill, for instance, and that shows he 's been right through the correspondence course.'

I was disappointed. Had I gone to all this trouble only to be given what the *Sunday Pic.* had already got? I said as much.

'Well,' said Mussolini, 'they say things so much better in the English papers. But I 'll give you something exclusive. Let 's start the interview over again.' I agreed, and, going outside the room, reëntered.

The great dictator sat at his desk, busy combining the subtlety of a Mazzini with the indomitable purpose of a Napoleon. These, however, are not his only combinations. He also combines the patriotism of a Garibaldi with the flavor of a petit-beurre.

He sat motionless for a full minute. The silence was unbroken save for (*a*) the clash of steel on steel as his faithful bodyguard — the finest swordsmen in

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all Italy and some parts of Soho — kept at bay the daily army of would-be assassins, who are hired for the purpose at twelve lire a day, cinema rights being owned by Lord Beaverbrook; (*b*) the crunching of bones as his pet tiger consumed its daily ration of journalist; (*c*) the hum, like a giant dynamo, of the great man's brains as he worked out another plot against himself.

'I hear you are a whale for work,' I said. 'Do you never relax?'

'I do,' he replied, 'on Thursdays, from two to three-fifteen. It 's that now. Lo!' And drawing aside a curtain he disclosed a full-grown tiger, a forty-foot python, and a magnificent rhinoceros. '*Italia, Italia bella!*' he called, and the rhinoceros came trotting toward him, gamboling in its joy, and knocking one of the walls of the room out into the *sploggia* (courtyard). Approaching Mussolini, it nozzled affectionately against him and ate his watch-chain. Then, as he fondly tickled its ear with three shots from a Colt's .45, it pranced playfully into the middle of the room, where the floor was weak, and fell through on to a Cabinet meeting in the room below. Mussolini seldom laughs, but when he does it is a big affair. The sight of the squashed ministers brought one on. This time it shook the paint off a Botticelli.

Then he called, '*Roma, Roma, carissima*,' and the python, hissing affectionately, wound itself round him twelve times. (Let me see if this is possible. The python was forty feet long, and the diameter of an average dictator is three feet six. Three and a half into forty — no: it is n't possible.)

Say eleven times, then.

Then the tiger did its gambol, in the course of which it caught me one on the side of the head. When I came to, Mussolini said, 'I regret I cannot

The tiger did its gambol

apologize, for it is against my principles as a disciple of Nietzsche, who, you remember, said, "Remorse is indecent"' — and he pointed round the walls to a number of mottoes from Nietzsche, such as, 'Love is weakness: if your mother caresses you, kick her.'

'Yes,' he said, 'I relax once a week. Life is beautiful. That is why I play with tigers. Life is worth risking in order to know how beautiful it is. Yes,' he went on, developing the theme, 'it is worth risking it to know how beautiful it is to risk it so as to know how beautiful it is. Yes,' he said, 'it is — ' But, fortunately, he was interrupted here by an attempted assassination. A man entered and fired point-blank at him. As you have already guessed, he missed; guards rushed in and arrested him. Mussolini stepped out on to the balcony. A vast crowd cheered ecstatically. He held up his hand, and a solemn hush fell on the multitude, broken only by sobs and prayers of gratitude for his escape. 'Be calm, my people,' he said. 'God — the Italian one — has again thwarted my enemies.'

'Rotten house,' he said on his return. 'The fool was early. He was n't due till four. Only half the crowd had collected.'

'But, master,' I said, 'do you not fear death?'

'Not from blank cartridges,' he said.

'But the people think — '

'I intend them to. I am a Realist,' said Mussolini.

What a man — what a man. After seeing him I shall never be able to think so much of Tom Mix as I used to.

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II. TRADE-UNIONS IN RUSSIA

The Russian trade-unions are passing through a critical phase, and are busy, with the assistance of the Communist Party, in reorganizing and revivifying themselves. In July the Central Trade-Union Council issued a circular to the unions criticizing the conduct of the Works Councils, denouncing the system of election, and urging strong measures to combat the wave of embezzlement and malversation of trade-union funds. In October the Central Committee of the Communist Party endorsed these criticisms and deplored 'a lack of interest in the important details of trade-union activity, a weakening of financial control even to the extent of malversation, and a bureaucratic and doctrinaire outlook.' It advised the Communist organization to stop its 'petty meddling' and 'domineering tactics' in the unions, and made severe charges against trade-union officials who conclude agreements with employing bodies without consulting the workers, and through whom the trade-union 'degenerates into a mere appendage, a political department.'

Crocodile, a satirical paper published in Moscow, prints the following precepts for trade-union salvation: —

1. Blessed are the meek who make no trouble with the works manager, for in Heaven theirs is the Præsidium of the Works Council.

2. Blessed are those who always agree.

3. Blessed are those who unanimously pass a resolution, for to them the benevolence of those on high is assured.

4. Blessed are the responsible who evade responsibility, for who will venture to hold them responsible?

5. Blessed are the embezzlers, inasmuch as their accounts are not examined.

6. Blessed are all of you who are not criticized and deposed, but are chosen according to a fixed list which comes from above and is in consonance with the will of the administration, now and ever shall be. Amen.

To these may be added a little collection of 'Instructive sayings, recommended for marking and inwardly digesting': —

When a trade-union official declines all responsibility he is called a responsible official.

The reading of a list of candidates in a general meeting is called an election.

No wonder we have so many trade-union bureaucrats; there are indeed many trade-union offices.

He who criticizes has clearly no further desire to remain a member of an organization.

In order to avoid misunderstandings it should be made plain that deductions from wages will not exceed the wages themselves.

Crocodile also publishes the following five cartoons illustrating the art of electing trade-union executives as practised in present-day Russia.

Immediately before a trade-union elects a new executive committee the old committee must hold a meeting to prepare a list of nominees. Only the names of members of the existing committee should be placed upon that list, in order to avoid complications. New members are undesirable, as they only make difficulties with their inexperience and try to inaugurate senseless and impractical innovations.

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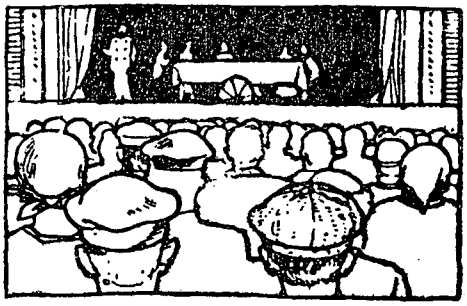
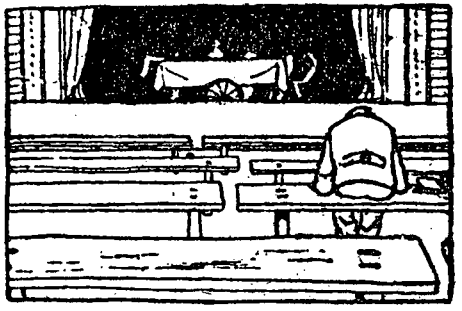
Before the election the factory gates must be closed and no one let out. Our workers are so stupid that they do not know what is good for them. If they are not locked in they may run off in all directions, to the great detriment of output and of trade-union business.



It is best not to open the general meeting more than the usual hour and a quarter late. Balloting should not begin before the fourteenth point on the agenda has been reached. The first point must be, 'Hands off China!' the second, 'Hands off Bessarabia!' Before balloting a recess must be taken and the factory gates opened.



After recess the list of nominations must be read. A motion should then be made to have the secretary cast the ballot for the list as read. It is unnecessary to permit discussion of the nominees, as their qualifications have already been talked over by the nominating committee.

In this way the election of the nominees presented is assured. Thereupon the new executive committee will go to work with renewed vigor, and with renewed self-confidence, inasmuch as the same high standard of membership that prevailed in the preceding committee will be guaranteed.

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ARTIFICIAL SILK[1]

BY E. G. MOUNTFORD, B.A.

EVERYBODY wears artificial silk to-day. Fourteen years ago it was quite commonly regarded with a certain abhorrence and confused with adulterations and frauds of all kinds. Now no woman disdains artificial-silk stockings, underwear, knitted and crocheted jumpers, ribbons, braids, and hatbands. The same fabric supplies the decorative effects in numberless cushion-covers and hangings, and the stripes, hair-lines, figured patterns, and bright flecks in many heavy costume-materials such as gaberdines, duvetyns, and Bedford cords.

Something very real accounts for this phenomenal rise to popularity. The new textile fills an important place of its own in modern life, and should no longer be regarded as a substitute for silk. Its qualities, good and bad, are peculiar to itself, and need to be understood before it can be used to the best advantage.

The ignominious word 'artificial' should be dropped, but unfortunately there is no name in general use to cover all the four recently invented materials which resemble silk in appearance. The term 'viscose' will serve most purposes, however, as it applies to seven eighths of the total bulk produced.

No fair judgment can be passed as to the merits and demerits of viscose until something is known about its real nature and the process of its manufacture.

The vast forests of Northern Europe and America provide the raw material — wood. It never fails, as the cotton or wool crop may do in a bad season. Hence the price of viscose is not only low, but relatively stable. The logs are crushed, freed by chemicals of resin and lignum, and so reduced to cellulose pulp, which is bleached and then mercerized by caustic soda. After being ground to crumbs, it is packed in boxes and left to mature, being supplied meanwhile with a little oxygen. The right 'spinning-age' is at last attained, and the pulp is churned with carbon bisulphide, with which it combines as a gelatinous, orange-tinted substance called xanthate. This is dissolved to form a liquid, which is actually viscose.

None of the older dress-materials has ever been manufactured from a fluid; therein lies the essential difference between a fibre product and the new material. A fibre of wool consists of successive segments, added one to another by natural growth. The spun thread is a mass of small, curled, interlocking fibres, loosely yet firmly combined. They cover a good deal of space, and enclose plenty of air between them. Hence wool is light, warm, yielding, and resilient. Cotton and even silk are somewhat similar, in that they consist of short fibres and have a little of the quality that is best described as fluffiness. Viscose can hardly be expected to share this quality in the slightest degree, since its filaments are *absolutely continuous*, like the liquid from which they are formed. The jets of liquid pass through a platinum nozzle into a bath

[1] From *Discovery* (London popular-science monthly), *January*

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of sulphuric acid and sodium sulphate, where they immediately solidify. Their texture is smooth and glassy. They are stiffer and heavier than silk, and less than half as strong when pulled. On being twisted together they lie close to each other and make a thin, hard thread, with little covering-power and air space. Accordingly they are inferior in warmth even to cotton. This is one of their fundamental limitations.

Strictly speaking, this production of continuous threads is not spinning at all, but it is no more inaccurate to use the word here than in connection with a spider's web.

Again, its stiffness prevents it from draping and hanging well, and there are therefore comparatively few cases in which it can be used alone as a woven fabric for dresses or drapery.

This is a disaster for manufacturers; all-viscose damasks and other richly ornamental woven fabrics have been designed which are truly magnificent in their sheen and coloring, but they can be used only where they are not likely to be creased or crushed, and where graceful folding is not required of them. Occasionally very fine filaments, used in a loose weave, have given a fairly soft and pliant material, but as they gain in softness they tend to lose in strength.

Lack of strength, in a certain sense, is one of two incurable defects of viscose, but that does not mean that it gives poor wear except under special circumstances involving strain or friction beyond its capacity. The filament is brittle, not tough like a cotton fibre, and when stretched or crushed hard it is liable to snap. People who rub a viscose garment just as they would a natural-fibre article, or put it through the mangle, and then complain that it breaks into holes, do not realize that it is more in the nature of fine spun glass than of true hairy thread.

When damp its weakness is greatly accentuated, and frequently it tears like paper. This peculiarity gives considerable trouble to the manufacturer, especially as the fabric absorbs moisture very readily. During the many and complicated stages in its preparation the rooms in which it is worked must be kept at an even temperature, to prevent excessive moisture in the atmosphere.

The machinery formerly used for other textiles has seldom proved suitable for the special needs of viscose, and in most cases has had to be extensively altered. Nearly all these various adaptations aim at the avoidance of two bugbears — strain and friction. For instance, new methods of weaving have been introduced, which give a circular warp and so prevent all stretching and misshaping at the warp ends. Even the shuttle boxes employed in weaving must be lined with fur or swansdown, as the least roughness may injure the fragile thread. Exact and extremely delicate control of the tension is also necessary.

The second great defect in viscose, which troubles consumer and maker alike, is its want of elasticity. Threads in a viscose stocking often form ugly creases about the ankle, because they have been constantly pressed and stretched at the curve of the foot, and have not been able to spring back into place. More serious still is the proclivity of larger and heavier garments to drop hopelessly out of shape, for similar reasons. The great weight of the threads, and the ease with which they slip one upon the other, are factors which tend to encourage this bad habit.

Lack of warmth, more than anything else, places all wood-pulp clothing in the category of the ornamental rather than the useful. People who regard it in this light, and recognize its limitations, have no reason for complaining of it.

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Those who trust to its protective power as underwear in an English winter are liable to harsh disillusionment. So extraordinarily great is the demand for ornament, however, that numbers of women who until a few years ago wore woolen hosiery all the winter have taken to viscose once and for all, summer or winter. This requires an iron constitution in our climate. At the opposite extreme of taste are the people who take a lasting dislike to viscose on account of its coldness to the touch.

But to counterbalance all these faults it has several distinct advantages. The first is the beauty of its lustrous, even surface, which can give a brighter sheen than silk. The softer and slightly duller gloss of the animal fibre is still preferred by many users who can afford to be fastidious, but viscose has enabled thousands of women to be elegant at a low cost. A satisfactory pair of viscose stockings can be bought for five shillings or less, whereas an equivalent silken pair would cost ten or twelve shillings.

Viscose is to be obtained in an almost infinite variety of colors. With care it washes excellently, and unlike silk does not turn yellow in the process. Its slippery surface repels dust and dirt for a long time, and for this reason it serves admirably as a decorative finish to furnishings.

Altogether, viscose probably shows in its most favorable light when used for purely decorative purposes in combination with other fabrics which supply the friction-resisting strength and draping-quality it lacks. Under these conditions it wears remarkably well.

Viscose and cotton used together make up many cheap and wonderfully effective weaves. The contrast between the two fibres should be accentuated by arrangement. As weft to a cotton warp, viscose should be kept slack, partly to set off its brightness and partly to save it from breaking. When plain it is most pleasing in light shades, and when it provides a pattern it should rest on a darker background, and always appear on the surface of the cloth. It has been proved that in many such mixtures the viscose portion outwears the cotton.

Some of the most exquisite dress-stuffs on the market consist of silk backgrounds and viscose patterns. The shiny smoothness of the vegetable fibre shows up particularly well against the dull gloss of silk threads that have been twisted to give a crêpy appearance, as in georgette or crêpe de Chine. Here the viscose may be used as a plush pile, from which a corrosive paste has removed all except the portions desired for the pattern. It is not popular as a pile in furniture coverings, however, as it does not recover when crushed.

In the course of time the union of viscose and worsted may prove to be the most profitable blend of all. It may even lend a gayer note to masculine attire. This partnership is like the marriage of a hard-working plain practical man with a stylish and showy young woman. There are great technical difficulties, however, in adapting two such dissimilar fibres to one machine.

After much patient research and experiment, viscose has come into its own as a knitting-fibre. For a long time it defied the knitting machine by kinking and cracking. The perpetual loop-formation showed up its besetting sin — inelasticity. Improvements in the winding machinery have enabled the makers to grapple with this difficulty, and now about half the quantity of viscose manufactured is used up as machine-knitted stockings and hand-knitting yarn for jumpers and dresses. It was really predestined for these

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purposes, as in the loose and open knit weave a large number of very fine filaments can be allowed to each thread. Thus they have room to spread freely, to gain in covering-power, and to improve the draping-quality of the material. The mere fact that they are so continually curved, and can naturally be pulled straight, lends them a certain apparent elasticity. It also ensures that they receive less strain than the threads in a close-woven texture, and so adds to their length of service.

The problems connected with the dyeing of viscose are extremely interesting to the research worker. It has a strong affinity for dyestuffs, and must be handled quickly if the shades are to appear level. As it will not stand much handling of any kind, manipulation is decidedly difficult, and must be carried out as far as possible by machine.

Five classes of dyestuffs give good results with viscose. The one most commonly in use is the direct cotton class, which includes dyes fast to light but not to washing. The only guaranteed fadeless class is that of the vat dyestuffs, which require at present a longer treatment than the yarn will easily endure. Increased technical knowledge will probably allow better use to be made of them.

When compound shades are required, the two dyes selected should have a similar dyeing-number — the number being the index of the capacity to dye viscose evenly. Two shades with high numbers make the best combination, but two with low numbers are better than two with numbers wide apart. For example, chlorazol black D.V. 9 bears a very low figure, and will not blend well with Diazo brilliant orange G.R., whose number is 17. If they were used together there would be no certainty that any two skeins would come out of the dyeing-cistern tinted alike. Most hand-knitters have had the exasperating experience of trying in vain to match a hank of viscose at the shop where it was bought a short time before. Methodical regard on the part of manufacturers for the significance of dyeing-numbers would save much of this inconvenience.

Different kinds of artificial silk react differently to the same dyestuffs. This is disconcerting to a maker who mixes them unintentionally, but it can be a source of many artistic triumphs. Cloths which look perfectly plain before dyeing may emerge from the cistern striped, checked, or figured in two boldly contrasting colors.

Science will improve upon almost every process and every piece of machinery used in the production of artificial silk. The application of physics, which is the science of exact measurement, may accomplish wonders. Close attention to details of efficiency may even slightly lower the price of the goods produced, though no great diminution can be expected, as the mechanism is elaborate and considerable skill is required of the operatives.

But neither science nor any other power is at all likely now to supersede the work of the silkworm. Viscose will not replace silk, any more than it will replace cotton or wool, as some false prophets declare. It has come upon the market to stay, but its province is distinct.

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GASTRONOMIC GLORIES OF THE HOHENZOLLERNS[1]

RECOLLECTIONS OF KAISER WILHELM'S CHEF

BY WILLE BUENGER

As I am descended from a long line of cooks, I was initiated into this profession in my early boyhood, and while still an apprentice was attached to the officers' mess of the most exclusive of the élite regiments of the old German army. This was the First Regiment of Footguards, who served as the Kaiser's bodyguard.

In my time the old traditions of this regiment were still preserved. Every officer was a member of the ancient East Elbe nobility. All the Hohenzollern princes became lieutenants when they were ten years old, and were promoted rapidly so that they usually were captains by their eighteenth or twentieth year. This was the regiment so often attacked in the Reichstag — particularly because only noblemen were permitted to become officers. Finally, as a concession to public opinion, one or two young officers from the best middle-class families were admitted — but their fathers were promptly given titles.

Naturally this regiment had serious social responsibilities. Once a week a formal dinner was given at which every officer was required to be present. First there was a war game, and afterward food was served. The headquarters were at Potsdam, and when William II was residing at the Potsdam Palace he was often present on these occasions. He would walk over to the Regimental Club accompanied only by his adjutant and would drink a few glasses of wine there in the midst of the officers. A couple of these gentlemen, invariably members of the highest nobility, always kept close to him to assist him home if necessary.

But though the Kaiser loved a little wine, he was strong against gambling. Indeed, so strict was he on this point that any officer who fell seriously into debt on account of high playing was promptly cashiered. He would come over to the Club accompanied by his two magnificent borzoi's, a gift from Tsar Nicholas II. I often fed the dogs, who would rush around to the kitchen to greet me. Though I received no high decorations for this service, it brought me a liberal tip now and then from His Majesty.

One of the regiment's privileges was the so-called *Adlerschiessen* in Catherine Forest near Potsdam. The whole Royal Family would be present on these occasions, and the Kaiser always gave a valuable prize to the best shot. A cold luncheon with coffee, tea, champagne, and fine pastries was served in the woods. Usually the affair lasted until evening. A little incident that happened to me will show how exclusive the gentlemen who attended were. I was ordered to ride out to the place where luncheon was to be served in a vehicle carrying several young officers.

[1] From *Neues Wiener Tagblatt* (Vienna Conservative daily), weekly edition, *December* 26

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Naturally I was seated on the box by the driver. When we were going pretty rapidly, my hat blew off and fell into the carriage and on to the lap of one of the young gentlemen. He stared at it with a look of indignant disgust, as if it had been a reptile. Instead of tossing it back to me, he ordered the carriage to stop. I had to get out and, apologizing profusely, to pick up my hat myself, as none of the officers would touch it.

Later I was promoted to the Palace kitchen in Berlin. The Kaiser was then at the zenith of his fame and power, and the kitchen staff was kept pretty busy. But traditional Prussian economy was never forgotten. In fact, His Majesty, despite his love of royal pomp, managed to save a million marks or so every year out of his civil list of fourteen million marks. As soon as he ascended the throne he abolished the French menus that had been introduced by his grandfather William I, and substituted German menus for them. The two famous French chefs, M. Bernard and M. Dubois, were also replaced by German chefs. That probably did not worry those gentlemen very much, as they had managed to put aside a million marks or so of their own. The new staff were paid much lower salaries, but no one left, because the service was very agreeable, especially in respect to working-hours, and we all looked forward to the usual pension when we retired.

As an example of William II's economy, under his grandfather the cost of all state banquets was fixed at a lump sum for which the chef drew against the Marshal of the Court. For instance, an appropriation of 14,500 thalers, or 43,500 marks, was made for the Coronation Dinner at Konigsberg on the second of January, 1861. As there were two hundred and fifty persons present, the cost was something over 58 thalers, or 174 marks, a plate. But William II was more businesslike. He allotted a maximum per head for all his State dinners. The limit for a royal banquet was twenty marks, or five dollars; for a formal dinner, fifteen marks; and for a family dinner, refreshments at a court ball, or a supper, ten marks. This did not include the cost of wines.

Our kitchen staff consisted of a first and a second chef, assistant-cooks, apprentices, a pastry cook, and a coffee cook — altogether about thirty-two people. The chef had a salary of sixty-eight hundred marks a month, board, fifty marks in lieu of lodgings, and other perquisites. The beginning salary for a cook, who had to be unusually well qualified, was only one hundred and twenty marks, or thirty American dollars, a month, plus twenty marks for lodging, and five marks a day when traveling on duty. The first chef never did any actual cooking. He merely paraded around in a black suit and bossed the others. But he had one very responsible task, and that was drawing up the menus. Most of the Palace servants were given a regular cash allotment in lieu of board. This made the work of the kitchen staff very simple, and was decidedly cheaper for the Kaiser.

At 8 A.M. the Emperor and Empress took breakfast together. This meal consisted generally of coffee, cream, tea, butter, eggs, cold meat, jam, toast, and Vienna rolls. Before a hunt there would be a warm meat-course in addition. The Kaiser liked to eat fresh fruit about ten o'clock. Since he did not have the full use of his left arm, this fruit had to be pared and cut in pieces before it was served. He was very clever in concealing his physical defect. He had his own combination knife and fork which he used with a single hand and took with him wher-

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ever he went. Woe to the valet or body-servant who forgot to pack it!

In making out the menus the Emperor's physical defect had always to be considered. Dishes must be served to him so they could be eaten easily. Fish must be boned, lobsters taken out of their shells, and fowl cut from the bone. The Kaiser's favorite sweet was a rich vanilla ice-cream with melted chocolate poured over it. The Kaiser abhorred the vulgar word 'sauce.'

One of his two favorite dishes was prepared as follows. A well-hung joint was pounded tender, wrapped in long strips of bacon, and immersed in claret with whole peppers, parsley, onion, thyme, and a few laurel leaves, where it was allowed to pickle for four days, being frequently turned during the interval. Then it was taken out, carefully drained, and well browned in lard with a few calves' knuckles and feet. The parsley, raw ham, claret, and some of the veal gravy had meanwhile been allowed to simmer for two or three hours. As soon as the meat was taken out of the oven it was dressed with this gravy thickened with a little Mondamin, to which the meat taken from the calves' feet was added in the form of tiny dice. The Kaiser was very fond of this served with potato purée, green princess beans, and spinach.

Another of the Emperor's favorite dishes was sole prepared as follows. The sole was held for a moment by the tail in boiling water, so that the skin could be easily removed. It was then boned without breaking the flesh and the spinal groove filled with stuffing of truffles and deviled pike. The fish was then sewed together, laid in a buttered pan with chopped shallot, covered with white wine and champagne and with raw mushrooms cut in slices, and sprinkled with shredded spinach. It was then well covered and allowed to cook for ten minutes. The fish was then taken out, the gravy allowed to cook a little longer, thickened with Mondamin, and sweet cream and butter added. The fish was then put in a porcelain cooking-dish, dressed with the gravy, and covered with grated Parmesan cheese and bread crumbs, after which a little drawn butter was added. It was then browned in an oven.

The young princes and princesses, over whom the Emperor watched with the utmost solicitude, were served their meals separately. As long as they were children their breakfast consisted principally of milk and rolled oats. After that they had a little very weak tea with milk, or cocoa, jam, bread and butter, and eggs. Their dinner and supper generally consisted of moderate portions of rare roast beef or fowl or boiled trout, with an abundance of fresh vegetables and fruit. But cabbage, beans, and peas were taboo.

The Emperor was very temperamental, and his family, even the Empress, did not always find it easy to get along with him. He was an autocrat to the very core, could not stand the slightest contradiction, and often treated his most tried and trusted attendants with great rudeness. We ascribed many of these unpleasant qualities to the influence that Prince Philip of Eulenburg exercised over His Majesty. The immediate superior of our kitchen staff was the Marshal of the Court. Every day the first chef had to submit his menus to him. They were then referred to the Empress for approval. She was especially particular with regard to the children's food. The Emperor's interest in these menus was of a very practical kind. He insisted that his table expenses should never exceed the amount allotted. On the other hand, he was most anxious that am-

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bassadors accredited to his Court should be men of large private wealth, for, though he was economical personally, he enjoyed being surrounded by lavish people.

Kaiser William was particularly fond of visiting the Krupp family at Villa Hügel near Essen. After the death of Friedrich Krupp, he interested himself whole-heartedly in the family's affairs and gave Fräulein Bertha Krupp away when she was married. Later, when I was chef for Herr Krupp von Bohlen, I had numerous occasions to cook for His Majesty. In 1912 the hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the firm was celebrated, and the Kaiser was invited to be present. In his honor a special reception-hall was built in the great park surrounding the Villa, at a cost of a quarter of a million marks. Two weeks later, after the monarch had left, it was torn down again. In the will of the elder Krupp, whose death was suspected to have occurred by his own hand, William II was remembered with a large bequest.

I will now give a few menus of dinners at the Palace in Berlin, together with their cost. The first is a family dinner where only the royal couple and a few of their intimate friends and invited guests were present.

Berlin, February 9, 1902. (1) *Dinner.* Bouillon; turbot with champagne; York ham with vegetables; pheasant with rice; roast venison; fruits; salad; artichokes with beef marrow; tipsy cake with pineapple; cheese sticks; dessert; besides three kinds of wine, including German champagne. We were allowed twelve marks a head for this menu, exclusive of wines, cigars, and flowers. (2) *Supper.* Baked sand eel with rémoulade dressing; veal cutlets Marengo; princess beans with fresh butter; apple fritters; dessert; fresh fruits; and two kinds of wine.

I will now give the menu of the formal dinner at the time the Emperor's uncle, King Edward of England, visited him: —

Windsor soup; Rhine salmon à la Perigord; roast lamb à l'Anglaise; chicken en gelée with salad; salmi of woodcock; fresh asparagus tips; pineapple à la royale; with four kinds of wine, including German champagne. One hundred and twenty guests attended this dinner, and the waiters wore liveries of the time of Frederick the Great. The cost of the wines was as follows: Château Lafite of 1870, thirty-eight marks a bottle; Tokay wine of 1858, thirty-five marks a bottle; Steinberger Cabinet of 1857, fifty marks a bottle; German champagne of 1904, twenty-four marks a bottle. The total cost of such a dinner ran from ten thousand to twelve thousand marks.

Our busiest season in the Palace kitchen began just after Christmas, with the New Year's reception, the anniversary of the Order of the Black Eagle, and the three annual court balls. At this time we engaged about a dozen assistant-cooks at twenty marks a day and their board. In addition one hundred and seventy or two hundred men and six or eight noncommissioned officers were detailed from the Berlin garrison to assist us on ball nights. Each of them received three marks, a bottle of wine, and a free dinner.

Ordinarily from eight hundred and fifty to nine hundred invitations were issued to the balls, which began at half-past eight. Supper was served at half-past nine. There was a cold buffet at eleven and the affair ended at 1 A.M. Royalty and guests of the very highest rank, altogether about two hundred and fifty people, were served in the White Saloon. Three hundred and forty people were served in the Queen's Saloon and the Picture Gallery, and two hundred and sixty in the Green Saloon, its three anterooms, and the

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Hall of the Black Eagle. One typical supper-menu on a ball night was turtle soup in cups, Rhine salmon with Bernese dressing, Brussels capon, California compote, salad, ices, Nesselrode pudding, cake, and fruit. Four kinds of wine, cigars, cigarettes, and liqueurs completed the refreshments.

The cold buffet consisted of caviar; lobster mayonnaise; roulade of sole à la Alexander; shrimp à la Française; roast beef; roast veal écarlate; roast venison Carmen; stuffed quail; duck voisin; roast pheasant; Coburg ham with Cumberland dressing; pâté de fois gras and truffles; hazelnut ice-cream; cheese; fruit; and dessert. Lackeys in livery also served sandwiches, cakes, and ice-cold drinks on silver servers.

The Emperor never danced. He stood with a little circle around him watching what was going on with the greatest interest. The duties of the floor-master were very strenuous. He was generally a young officer from one of the guard regiments who was excused from military service during the whole court season.

Naturally we used an enormous amount of provisions on ball days. For the soup alone we required over two hundred pounds of calves' knuckles; one hundred pounds of beef-knuckles; a huge sea turtle brought alive directly from London; ten large hens; and one hundred and fifty pounds of beef-bones. These cost in the neighborhood of eight hundred marks. For the fish course we used several hundred pounds of Rhine salmon at about five marks a pound, with imported new potatoes, which were exceedingly dear in the winter season. Altogether this course cost about two thousand marks. Then we used two hundred Brussels capons at twelve marks apiece, one hundred and fifty cans of California fruit at two marks each, and one hundred and fifty head of Brussels endive for salad at fifty pfennigs a head, making the cost of the third course about three thousand marks.

For the ices we used one hundred and fifty litres of heavy cream, two hundred and fifty pounds of Italian chestnuts, five hundred pounds of sugar, and twenty glasses of currant jelly. The cost, plus that of the cakes served with the ice, was about twelve hundred marks.

The fresh fruit served included four hundred calville apples at two marks each, three hundred of the finest Duchesse pears at two marks each, two hundred nectarines at one mark, two hundred and fifty pounds of the finest Brussels grapes at nearly two marks a pound, and one hundred and twenty-five pounds each of Brazil nuts, paper-shell almonds, and Malaga grapes at nearly a mark a pound, besides dates, figs, and other Southern fruits. So this item totaled about three thousand marks.

At the cold buffet we used to serve twenty-four pounds of the best Russian caviar, two hundred and fifty pounds of lobster, three head of roast beef, three head of roast veal, ten boiled Coburg hams, about two hundred and fifty pounds of shrimp, six head of venison, two hundred quail, twenty duck, ten pheasants, and well toward five hundred pounds of the choisest Emmenthaler, Holland, Roquefort, Camembert, and Gervais cheese. So that the total of this item of refreshment was about ten thousand marks, to which must be added an equal sum for wine and liqueurs, which ranged in cost from six marks a bottle for sec to ten marks a bottle for port wine.

Mightily have the times changed since then. We have no more court balls and no more royal dinners. And he who was formerly one of the most powerful rulers of the earth now sits half-forgotten in his quiet villa far from the scene of his former glory.

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THE RED-BEARDS[1]

BY P. V. SHKURKIN

[THE following account of the *hunhuz* by a competent Russian ethnologist acquires additional interest from the fact that Chang Tso-lin is reputed to have been formerly one of their leaders.]

AT the time the Chinese Eastern Railway was opened, numerous hunhuz bands infested the country and levied heavy toll upon the rich lumbermen and contractors in their neighborhood. Among their leaders one named Fa-fu was especially famous.

I was accidentally detained about this time for several days at the little station of Silinghe, where I became acquainted with an amiable Russian contractor named Mr. M——. When he learned that I was interested in ethnography and was exceedingly curious to learn more about the hunhuz, he made this suggestion: —

'If you wish, you shall meet a Chinaman who was the head of one of their bands for many years. He is now too old for that kind of life, but his word is still law to every hunhuz for hundreds of miles around. He lives near here and frequently visits me. An accident made us friends. The Chinese fear him too much to punish him for his former exploits, and our own officials never think of troubling him. If they should ever conceive the unlucky idea of doing so, our concessions, settlements, stations, and the railway itself, would suffer the consequences. If you say so, I'll invite Fa-fu to call this very evening.'

'What? Fa-fu? You mean Fa-fu the hunhuz leader they talk about so much?'

'Yes, he is the man.'

Naturally, I urged my friend, with whom I was to dine, to send for the old robber immediately.

A couple of hours later, when I entered my host's dining-room, I saw, seated in Mr. M——'s family circle, a rather ordinary-looking old Chinaman in a shabby silk gown. He was of uncertain age, — anywhere between fifty and sixty-five, — tall, pock-marked, gaunt, with sparse gray hair. At first glance he looked like any typical elderly well-to-do Manchurian farmer who had laid by a small fortune for his children by hard labor in his fields. But the man no sooner lifted his eyes to my face than I could see that he was an unusual personality. Those eyes were quite extraordinary; they fairly pierced me, and at times flashed like those of a young man betraying the wild temper lurking beneath his ordinary composure.

Although the old man spoke Russian fairly well, he was quite reserved until he learned that I could speak Chinese. Then he lighted up at once, paid me a string of compliments as prescribed by the best Chinese etiquette, and, when I told him how interested I was in the life of the hunhuz, offered to take me to the headquarters of the nearest band. I thanked him with some hesitation, for it seemed hardly proper for a Russian

[1] From *Hunhuzy* (collection of stories from Chinese life)

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army officer to make such an expedition alone. But Mr. M—— dissipated any doubts I felt on that score by promptly volunteering to go with us.

We set forth early the next morning, and were soon buried in the deep forest of the taiga. The timber was so dense and dark that even the birds and insects that sang and chirped around us when we first entered it soon disappeared. A weird, oppressive silence made the forest seem like the temple of an unknown god, and I was conscious of a vague, undefinable timidity that I had not felt since childhood. Even the horses advanced cautiously along the narrow trail, which speedily dwindled to a scarcely observable trace, and finally disappeared entirely.

After we had proceeded thus for some distance, our native guide turned his head and asked us not to follow in his horse's footsteps, but to ride scattered, in a dispersed formation. I had heard before that this was a precaution that the hunhuz always take to hide the whereabouts of their camps. History tells us that the Tatars had the same custom centuries ago when they invaded Russia.

After proceeding thus for about half an hour, we again struck a hardly perceptible trail, which widened as it received tributary paths and brought us abruptly to a break in the forest near a small stream, on the other bank of which was a clearing. A low log *fanza* stood in the middle of the cleared ground, in front of which a few Chinamen were patrolling as if on sentry duty. Evidently they expected us, for one of them came forward to greet us as soon as we emerged from the timber. He invited us to dismount and enter the building.

A tall middle-aged Chinaman standing at the door courteously seconded this invitation. Some fifty men were gathered inside, who stood up in respectful attitudes when we appeared.

The low, smoke-blackened interior looked exactly like that of any hunter's cabin in that part of China, except that it was more spacious. There was no ceiling. A broad bench covered with straw matting ran around the walls. Food was being cooked in two big kettles, at a fireplace whose flues ran clear around the room, under the benches. Evidently these flues did not draw well, for great clusters of soot were hanging from the rafters and everything was velvety black except the brightly polished guns hanging in one corner.

On the left-hand wall, the hallowed spot of every Chinese house, was a nearly life-size image of Huan-di, the god of war, painted in bright colors on a large sheet of paper. Before it stood a table with two red candles in leaden candlesticks and a flat bronze urn beautifully fashioned and filled with ashes in which sticks of incense were burning; their glowing ends made bright spots in the general gloom, and the atmosphere was pungent with their smoke. Near by stood the square 'table of the eight spirits,' which to-day, however, was laid for only four guests.

The tall Chinaman who had met us at the door proved to be the leader of the band. He cordially invited Mr. M—— and myself to seat ourselves at the table, and then introduced us to his second in command, who occupied the fourth seat. The usual Chinese banquet followed, and I need not describe it in detail. What interested me chiefly was what the leader told us of the life of himself and his men while we were eating.

The hunhuz form something in the nature of a military brotherhood. Every member owes absolute obedience, not only to his immediate leader, but also to the general chief, who does

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not live with the bands. Every brother — for thus they call themselves — is duty bound to defend any comrade in peril, even at the risk of his life. Breaches of discipline are exceedingly rare, and are punishable by death. Women are never admitted to a camp. Only a small quantity of liquor is kept, for use on exceptional occasions. Any comrade who betrays the way to a camp to an outsider is punished by death.

Since the organization of these 'independent braves' dates back a thousand years or more, the customs and rules of the numerous bands scattered over the country are nearly identical. All of those in the same district owe obedience to a single chief, or *da-yeh*, who usually lives in a large town and often pursues a peaceful occupation to give him the appearance of respectability. He is generally an esteemed and influential citizen, and no one suspects that Mr. Wong, or Mr. Chang, is really the dreaded chief of a score or more of redoubtable robber bands whose operations cover several hundred miles of territory around. This peculiarity of their organization explains why the Red-Beards are always so well informed regarding the business, the incomes, the individual transactions, of the rich men of the vicinity, and know well beforehand any move the authorities may make against themselves. Most of the rank and file of the hunhuz do not know their da-yeh personally. They never see him, and are ignorant even of his name, which is a secret communicated only to the band leaders and their most trusted followers. According to common report, not a single case is known where a hunhuz has betrayed his da-yeh.

Not only do the Red-Beards have an elaborate 'patter' of their own, which they use in order not to be understood by outsiders, but they never under any circumstances employ a word that suggests anything unpleasant to themselves, lest they invite bad luck. An anecdote is told of a young boy who, not knowing that a certain man was a hunhuz, saw him eating corn, and, following the precepts of the Chinese code of courtesy, said to him: —

'It seems to me that you are eating maize?'

To the boy's intense amazement, the man glared at him angrily and exclaimed: —

'No, I'm not. I'm gnawing a piece of wood.'

Being so young, the boy did not venture to ask for explanation, but he related the incident to his father when he returned home. His father smiled and said: —

'You have hurt his feelings. He is a hunhuz. You told him he was eating *bao-er-mi*, that is, kernels of corn wrapped in husks. The word *bao* means to wrap or to tie — it might even mean to tie with a rope or to shackle. You must understand that a hunhuz never uses such ominous words.'

On our way back home Mr. M——, calling my attention to the perfectly matched gray horses we were riding, said: —

'Let me tell you about these horses and Fa-fu. Some time after I settled here and became acquainted with Fa-fu, we were talking together after dinner when he suddenly said to me in his Chinese-Russian jargon: —

'"Now, *Capitana*, I want you put much gold top table. Open window wide, two, three suns. Fear no. One kopeck lost no."

'"Why should I do that?" I asked, imagining that the hot Chinese spirits he had been drinking had gone to his head.

'"Because you now my brother."

'Soon after that my stable boy rushed in one morning, with consterna-

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tion on his face, to tell me that these two beautiful grays had been stolen. I was greatly put out, naturally, and sent men at once in every direction to search for them, but in vain. The horses had vanished. After pondering the matter, I came to the conclusion that it was hunhuz handiwork. So, the next time I met Fa-fu, I said to him: "Did n't you tell me that nothing would be stolen from me? Now your hunhuz have run off with my best horses."

'I might as well have touched Fa-fu with a red-hot iron.

'"My hunhuz? Never! Never! It's you Russians. No my hunhuz dare take one thing from you."

'He left me greatly disturbed. His perfect confidence made me doubt my suspicions. I continued my search, but no trace of the horses was found, and finally I made up my mind that I should never see them again. In the evening, however, Fa-fu came into my office gloomy and excited, without troubling himself to be announced — something he would not do under ordinary circumstances. He told me brusquely that my horses had been found and that I was to leave the stable open at night and have a feed of oats and hay in the manger. But I was not to keep watch. He then left me before I could catch my breath to answer him. I did as I was bidden. We all sat up in the house until late at night, but everything was still and silent, and we finally retired. Early the next morning the stable boy rushed in again in wild excitement, shouting that the horses were back. And so they were — rather emaciated, to be sure, but otherwise all right. No sooner had I left the stable than I ran into Fa-fu. He was tense with excitement, and his eyes gleamed like burning coals.

'"Have a gun?" he asked me without preliminaries.

'"Why, yes; you 've seen it yourself."

'"Take your gun and come."

'"Wait," I said. "Fa-fu, tell me first what is the matter."

'"Come. Tell on the way."

'I shrugged my shoulders, got my gun, and we started out. He walked so rapidly that I could hardly keep pace with him.

'"Will you tell me what it is all about?" I asked.

'He then explained to me that I was right: two young recruits in one of the hunhuz bands had stolen my horses without consulting their superiors and had hidden them in the woods. The luckless fellows had not taken the trouble to find out that Fa-fu was my personal friend.

'"Hurry up," Fa-fu concluded. "They wait behind hill. They wait for us to shoot them."

'I was utterly nonplussed. Anything but that! I began to ask him to drop the whole matter, saying I was quite satisfied with having recovered my horses. But he said that there were two issues at stake. One was their guilt in respect to me, which I could pardon if I liked to do so; the other was their guilt in respect to Fa-fu, and Fa-fu himself would decide how to deal with that.

'I confess that a suspicion flashed across my mind that Fa-fu might have been deceiving me; but curiosity got the best of me, and we were soon climbing the hill. My heart beat violently with expectation. Now I should see!

'Just beyond the summit, two hunhuz boys, unbound and without a guard, sat a few paces distant from each other, hugging their knees. The moment they saw us they jumped up and stood erect, evidently thinking their last hour had struck. Fa-fu said something to them in a thunderous

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voice. They stared at him in blank amazement, as if not crediting their ears. He repeated the same words over again, whereupon they knelt before us, bowed to the ground to him and to me several times, repeating "Da-yeh! Da-yeh!" and jumping up quickly vanished in the woods.

'Turning to me, Fa-fu said:—

'"No be angry; my great fault," and posted off in the same direction as the culprits.

'For some time after that I worried over what might have happened to the two lads, but Chinese acquaintances told me later that Fa-fu had not punished them, saying that he had promised me to pardon them.'

When my friend finished his story I rode on in silence, reflecting that, from what I had learned, the hunhuz were no whit worse than the Knights Templars and the Knights of St. John of olden days, who ravaged whole countries in the name of their faith, and that compared with the Teutonic Knights, whose atrocities are still a living tradition among our Baltic peoples, these Chinese robbers of Manchuria were, after all, an incarnation of true chivalry.

MEKKA-BOUND[1]

AN ACCOUNT OF IL HADJ

BY LÉON KRAJEWSKI

'We are Thy guests, O Lord, we are Thy guests.' Accompanied by this invocation, uttered by a thousand pilgrims, the Khedivial steamer, in tow of powerful tugs, slowly leaves the quay of Suez. It is a very decrepit steamer, more than sixty years old, wheezy, badly fitted, comfortless, toilsomely running eight knots an hour, that has the honor to convey us to Jidda, the door of Islam's holy places.

Let us look for a moment at the crowds that surround us. Almost all of them are Egyptians, their arms and eyes lifted to Heaven in ecstasy, murmuring the *fatihah*, the first chapter of the Koran, which in its eight short paragraphs contains the whole Islamic doctrine. For them the great day has dawned, the great day for which they have endured numberless sacrifices of all kinds during so many years, which they have longed for with all the ardor of their souls, which they have dreamed of during the starlit nights under their tents or in their mud huts, and of which they have so often spoken as the Happy Day, to be longed for, and prayed for, but scarcely to be realized. Their faces are transfigured with the enthusiasm of their faith; to everything but their holy errand they are indifferent. Wives, children, relatives, business, friends, enemies, all are dimly

[1] From *Revue Politique et Parlementaire* (Paris independent political-affairs monthly), *March*

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remembered as in a far-off mist; all their thoughts are now concentrated on one idea, the pilgrimage; and with heartfelt gratitude and praise they invoke the protection of Allah: 'We are Thy guests, O Lord, we are Thy guests.'

As the harbor of Suez is left behind, the steamer, straining her engines and throbbing violently, falls into her slow stride. The short twilight spreads its darkening veil on sea and passengers alike; the buildings of Port Tewfik recede; stars stud the sky; and bright beacons on either shore are lighted. Slowly the pilgrims find their places, they begin to settle down, arranging themselves into groups according to their native village or town. The smallest corners are occupied; even the boats are invaded; the steerage is crowded with an active and noisy swarm, chanting prayers, shouting, disputing and quarreling. By degrees the tumult subsides and calm returns, everything is more or less comfortably settled, and a great brotherhood that nothing can disturb is established. It is the beginning of the purification, and by its unity Allah will understand the sincerity of their cry: 'We are Thy guests, O Lord, we are Thy guests.'

Powerful electric lamps shed their harsh light on the scene, splendid in its variety of bright contrasts. Gorgeous rugs, quilts of fantastic design, and costumes of many-colored stripes seem more vivid in the brilliant glare. Squatting on their heels or on their folded legs, the pilgrims chat or dine. While some intone verses from the Koran, swinging their bodies in time to the slow rhythm of the chant, those of another group pour out steaming tea in minute glasses which are offered to all the members of the circle. Invitations go back and forth, and calls ring out; it is one big family bound for the same goal.

From the bridge which has become the minaret of this floating mosque rises suddenly the piercing, crystalline voice of the muezzin: 'Come and bear witness that there are no other gods but Allah and that Mohammed is His Prophet. Come to prayer.' Conversation stops and the ceremonial ablutions are performed. Then, turned toward the temple of Mekka, all heads bend down in pious adoration and devout lips repeat the usual prayer, at once a cry of faith and a plea for protection: 'We are Thy guests, O Lord, we are Thy guests.'

Little by little silence falls; lamps are extinguished, tired bodies stretch wearily, sleep closes every eye. Nothing now troubles the silence of the night save the bell sounding the hours, and the monotonous throb of the engines. Life is suspended.

At dawn, the voice of the muezzin calling to prayer rouses the slumberers; one after the other the pilgrims awaken, and in the dim light of the rising day they make a brief toilet and repeat the prescribed ablutions. Still drowsy, they resume the attitude of prayer, their faces turned toward Mekka. Not all are at prayer, however; for many the fervor of the eve has lost its edge: it is so agreeable to remain stretched out in the coolness of the morning. Silent and attentive, the women prepare breakfast, setting upon a tray before their husbands and guests small glasses of tea and dry biscuits, while keeping humbly aside themselves, patiently waiting their turn.

'Sidi,' asks an impatient pilgrim, 'when shall we reach Tor?'

'Allah is with those who have patience,' I answer, quoting a sentence from the Koran.

'I have no more bread, Sidi, and it is not by patience that I shall be filled.'

'Be content. In two hours thou shalt have thy need supplied. Look!'

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I hand him my glasses and, correcting his attempts to use the wrong end, I explain to him the mechanism. Suddenly, like a child who has discovered the secret of his toy, he bursts out laughing, calls out to his companions, and excitedly assures them with much gesticulation that he has seen Tor and its buildings. Alas, his imagination alone has seen what he describes, for as yet the vague outline of the mountains of Sinai can hardly be perceived on the distant horizon. Nevertheless he must be convinced of the reality of his vision, for he slips adroitly between the groups, and I see him taking his place near the gangway ladder, anxious not to miss the food-sellers when they come on board.

In the deep anchorage the ship lies close to shore, and affords the curious traveler an excellent view of the arrangements made for the reception of the pilgrims. These consist chiefly of ample water-reservoirs, disinfecting coppers, and large sheds, connected with each other and with the landing-place by a Decauville railway. A small and sleepy town to-day, Tor in a few weeks will become a scene of intense activity which will last during the coming months of the pilgrimage. English and Egyptian doctors are already on duty: there they are even now drawing near our vessel in their powerful steam-launch. Heavy sail-boats and light dugout canoes approach the steamer; clusters of noisy, brawling, hustling men storm the ship from every side, offering for sale bread, cheese, forcemeat balls, fried liver, dates, dried and salted pistachios, and baked peanuts. They surround the pilgrims, quarreling, abusing each other, and praising the quality of their wares. For them this is the Heaven-sent opportunity; for months they have impatiently waited for the pilgrimage season to bring them customers and fill their empty pockets with silver coins. Bargaining becomes violent, and lacks every element of courtesy; the words 'thief,' 'cheat,' are heard on all sides, fists are shaken, but in the end the merchant has the best of it.

Suddenly the siren shrieks, the windlass creaks, and the anchor is raised, but without hastening the departure of the noisy dealers. Not until the screw churns the sea and the steamer begins to move do they go tumbling over the side into their boats, with the agility of monkeys, while the pilgrims resume their everlasting cry: 'We are Thy guests, O Lord, we are Thy guests.'

From Tor to Yambu, our next stop, is forty-eight hours' steaming. Luckily the sea is smooth, and a light breeze offers us some relief from the stifling heat as we sit under the awning which, although double, affords a poor defense against the burning rays. Everybody feels the effect of such a temperature; and in the stillness which prevails the pilgrims have organized into gatherings, some social and some religious. I listen with an eager attention to the speech of an eager old sheik with a long white beard, a kindly expression, and brilliant, spiritual eyes. It is the fifth time he has performed the pilgrimage on behalf of groups of his coreligionists, who, not having sufficient means, have pooled their resources to buy a substitute. This is the pilgrimage by proxy, a practice authorized by the theologians. Allah will take contributors' intentions into account, and the blood of the sheep immolated on the day of the sacrifice at Mouna will be for each of them the blood of purification. The old sheik has had much experience in the ceremonies and knows the prayers appropriate for each of the different sanctuaries. His hearers listen with rapt attention, and through his words see unrolling sacred scenes, toward

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which their hopes and prayers have been directed for so long.

Farther on, an ascetic-faced, unkempt mullah with a pronounced squint is teaching a group of squatting pilgrims the invocation they will have to recite on beholding, for the first time, the sacred temple of Mekka: —

'*Labeyk, Allahouma, labeyk!* I am before Thee, O Allah, I am before Thee and at Thy service. Happiness is from Thee and in Thy hands, O God! I have not spoken, I have not taken an oath, I have not made a vow without Thy will, for everything is by Thy command. There is no power and no strength without Thee, for Thou art the omnipotent. O God, I have prayed only Thy prayer, I have not cursed but by Thy curse. Thou art my master now and forever. Let me die a Mussulman and join the virtuous. *Labeyk, Allahouma, labeyk!*'

The attentive pupils rehearse these sentences, the meaning of which escapes many of them, while their untrained memory obliges the teacher to repeat the lesson endlessly, with a patience that nothing can discourage. Once the words are learned, it is necessary to practise the traditional intonation in which the prayer must be chanted. During the whole day this weird humming-sound is heard in every corner of the ship, until it becomes intolerably tedious.

Walking among the groups, I stop before a traveler whom by his garb I take to be a native from North Africa. He is alone in a corner, forsaken by all, seated on a piece of coarse cloth, telling his rosary, the beads of which fly through his lean fingers with dizzy speed. His appearance is of utter misery, his eyes are fixed before him with a sphinxlike stare, and his whole attitude is one of resignation to inevitable misfortune. He reluctantly turns his gaze from the horizon and, inquiringly, as if to ask what this intruder may want, he rests it on me, I question him kindly. 'I am hungry,' he says; 'I have eaten nothing since we left Suez; I have no more money, having given all I owned for my ticket, and the others do not trouble about me, as I am not of their country or of their race.' Touched by his wretched appearance, I order for him an abundant lunch, and, his hunger stayed, the poor fellow gets up and kisses my hand.

He was born, it seems, in an Algerian village, the name of which I do not catch. It is more than two years since he left his douar, traveling on foot across desert and oases, working when he could get work, begging along the roads, sleeping under the starlit sky, often faint with hunger or parched with thirst, shaken with fever, his limbs faltering with weariness and his feet burned by the torrid sands. But he continues toward his twofold goal: Mekka, where he will pray in the big temple, and Medina, where he will kneel at the Prophet's tomb. The sufferings he has endured, the hardships he has borne, even the death he has narrowly escaped, are all forgotten, for his happy heart foresees already the dreamed-of beatitude. If in His great mercy Allah wills to call him away after the fulfillment of the religious ceremonies, his happiness will be complete, the aim of his life will have been attained. If, on the contrary, it is written in the Book of Destiny that he must still suffer on earth, he is ready — submissive to the Heavenly decree and resigned to his fate — to make the journey back with the same courage and the same patience.

All this is told simply, without boasting, without any wish to excite my pity, as a thing quite natural. He has obeyed the impulse of his eager faith, absolutely convinced that in

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doing so he is acting according to the will of Allah.

At noon the heat has become so intense that it is necessary to spray the burning awnings with sea water. The relative coolness which results, however, is of a short duration, and a deep silence of lassitude pervades the whole ship. In every direction one sees only the regular motion of palm-leaf fans. Thus the day glides away in heaviness and gloom. Neither the commentaries of the Koran nor the teachings of the mullah can prevail against the suffocating temperature. There is not the slightest ripple on the face of the sea, seemingly a boundless mirror through which the bow of the ship slowly ploughs its way; even the noise of the engines is muffled.

At sunset a breeze rises, but so slight that under any other circumstances it would not be noticed. It is, however, enough to revive courage. Here and there prostrate bodies begin to rise, parched lungs greedily drink in fresher air, and voices, not yet very distinct, thank Allah. As night closes in, a refreshing coolness returns, and soon the scene is transformed to one of clamorous activity, lessons and prayers are continued, conversations are resumed, and hunger is satisfied, while the weariness of noontide is forgotten. Meanwhile the wind freshens, and soon heavy clouds gather from the west; whitecaps appear; with phenomenal speed the storm gathers, and the rumbling of the thunder grows continuous. Suddenly a drenching rain floods everything, bends the awnings, and obliges the pilgrims to crowd together like a frightened flock. But happily the storm proves as brief as it was sudden, the sky clears as by enchantment, and the stars shine brightly, as if they had been washed by the rain.

At dawn the steamer is running along a barren, sandy coast; in the distance rise bare mountains; at a few cables' length the sea breaks over a line of lurking reefs; we are nearing Yambu. The passage is dangerous here on account of the currents, and the captain is on the bridge, looking ahead through his glasses, picking his way carefully into the treacherous roadstead, his hand on the engine-room annunciator, ready to diminish speed or to reverse engine, while the ship enters the channel between two coral reefs so close together that the slightest error at the helm would be disastrous. At last, emerging safely, we are in the middle of a lagoon on one side of which stands Yambu.

Around the steamer, uttering guttural shouts to attract our attention, a dozen dark-skinned urchins, as naked as they were born, call out: '*Irmi, ya hadji, irmi, ya sidi* (Throw, pilgrim, throw, sir).' I toss them a small coin, and the whole band, diving and struggling, disappears for a few seconds, only to return surrounding the lucky one, who, after having shown his booty, puts it in his mouth, where it will be as safe as in the strongest iron chest. This game continues as long as the steamer remains in port.

The governor of the town, a handsome young Bedouin sheik belonging to one of the few tribes loyal to the King, comes on board and, in the name of his royal master, questions the pilgrims. Apparently he is most anxious to learn if they have all the comforts and conveniences that His Hashimite Majesty desires for them. His solicitude, however, is but a pretense to cover the real object of his visit. The truth is that the poor man is thirsty, terribly thirsty, for drinks forbidden by the Prophet. The steward knows him and, in a saloon reserved for Mohammedan women and protected against inquisitive eyes by a thick

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curtain, he brings him the means to gratify his infidel weakness.

When we reach the open sea again, the storm of yesterday has refreshed the atmosphere, and everybody on board is busy, with great noise and bustle, preparing for our arrival on the morrow. The teachings of the old sheik and the half-breed mullah are resumed with greater eagerness; these are the final instructions, for it is very necessary that the listeners should arrive spiritually well-armed. Little by little, the voices swell, rising to a deafening pitch while the invocation, '*Labeyk, Allahouma, labeyk,*' rings out like the deep tones of a bugle. The spectacle is both pathetic and inspiring. It is indeed the cry of a mighty faith that rises from the hearts of these ignorant but fervent fellahin.

About midnight the silence is broken by three long blasts of the siren, followed by a thousand cries of 'Allah!' What has happened? I jump out of my berth, rush on deck, and inquire. We have reached the latitude of Mount Arafat, and are entering the sacred zone, where every good Mussulman must, after ablution, put on the pilgrim costume. Under the Oriental starlit sky I watch this never-to-be-forgotten sight. Without the slightest shame, as if it were a thing quite natural, the men expose the nakedness of their bodies to the stream of water turned upon them by sailors armed with hose-pipes, chanting at the same time with one voice the prayer of the purification. These sunburned, powerfully muscled, athletically framed men, mostly in full vigor of manhood, wriggle about, turning around and around so that no part shall escape the stream. As soon as the hose is shut off, while still drenched, they bind round their waist and throw around their shoulders two seamless pieces of white calico which make up the *ihram,* — the only costume that they will wear during the pilgrimage, — which some day will be their shroud. From this hour onward the pilgrim is no longer his own master; from the moment of donning the ihram he becomes at once the guest and the servant of Allah.

Next day it is difficult to recognize individuals in the crowd wearing the same attire. My peripatetic Algerian himself would have escaped my attention had he not resumed his place in the corner, where I had previously seen him. He would escape identification sooner than the others, now that a spotless piece of calico has replaced his torn and dirty shirt and burnoose. Unlike the others, who from the moment of their purification avoid contact with the infidel, he rises and kisses my hand in acknowledgment of my kindness during the journey. He is a believer but not a fanatic. He knows that his Prophet has ordered him to respect all those who believe in a holy book. Like him, I belong to the *Ahl el Kitab,* 'the people of a book.'

All our officers are on the bridge, each one with his glass pointed in the same direction, trying to pick up the small mast on a low mound showing the approach to Shab-el-Kebir, where lies a coral reef many miles long on which more than one steamer has been wrecked.

Two hours later we enter the narrows, the difficult and treacherous access to the roadstead. The coral reefs, the presence of which seems to denote the wish of Nature to discourage travelers, are so numerous and so oddly scattered that few sailors dare to venture in without the help of a native pilot. Even so, accidents are not rare. Ships of light draught must therefore anchor three miles from shore, while heavier vessels remain at twice that distance. Communication with the land is by heavy, unwieldy sail-

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boats known as *sambouks*, which, in calm weather, expose the travelers for many hours to the rays of the pitiless sun, an experience which sometimes proves fatal. In a strong breeze the sambouks are invariably stranded on the shoals, from which they are with difficulty released by Negro slaves, who jump into the sea and push them off with their enormous shoulders.

On first contact with their Holy Land the pilgrims get an idea of how they may expect to be treated and of the extortions of which they will be passive victims. Huddled together in the sambouks, their bodies hardly covered by the ihram, their heads closely shaven and bare, they are the long-awaited prey of the boatmen, who form a close corporation. The fare agreed to on board the steamer differs considerably from the one exacted on the trip to shore, during which the heavy, cumbersome boat lowers her sail, to resume her course only after the payment of a much larger sum is extorted from the helpless passengers, regardless of their complaints and appeals to religious brotherhood.

From the anchorage where the ship lies moored it is not possible to get a fair idea of the town. But on nearing land the flat and even coast proves so little enticing that the ordinary visitor is tempted to turn his back without further investigation. The glare of the white rows of houses blinds the eyes in the blazing sun, while the monotonous yellow sand that extends on both sides of the town, apparently ad infinitum, produces an impression of vast and profound desolation. In the distance the horizon is broken by a range of mountains behind which the holy town of Islam, Mekka the Glorious, hides herself from the eye of the infidel.

Once landed, and the tiresome customs formalities performed, the unhappy pilgrims fall into the clutches of the *moutawefs*, or official guides entrusted with the task of arranging for their lodging, their transport to Mekka, and performing the ceremonies there in the prescribed order and form. These worthies, whose livelihood for the whole year depends upon the exactions of a few weeks, exploit, rob, and illtreat without scruple the unfortunate victims. It is impossible for the latter to escape the unwelcome attentions of these fellows, for no landlord would lodge them, no camel-driver would let them have a camel, if they did not come under the patronage of one of these guides.

The lodgings intended for the pilgrims fairly reek with offal and foul odors, the corridors and entrances being perfect cesspools of rubbish and garbage. As many of the unfortunate pilgrims as possible are crammed into each tiny room. There they remain as long as their rapacious landlord and the moutawef think it necessary, and when, at last, they set out for Mekka no broom ever sweeps out the dirt they have left behind them. Under these unsanitary conditions, it is small wonder that epidemics take a heavy toll of their numbers.

After these human vultures have extorted a liberal share of his money, the pilgrim has to face the camel-driver. A perfect understanding exists between the moutawef and the camel-driver. During the pantomimic discussion which takes place between the two, the pilgrim, generally unable to speak the language of the place, stands powerless, convinced — because he himself is in good faith — of the sincerity and honesty of his guide, whose harsh shrieks and desperate gesticulations in bargaining are the veriest make-believe. And on his arrival at the Holy City the pilgrim is faced with the same difficulties and beset by the same exactions.

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JOSEPH CONRAD: A REMINISCENCE[1]

BY CECIL ROBERTS

It is to Chance, despite the banal philosophy of the opportunists, that most of us owe our richest experiences. One evening I sat in the pleasant studio of Alvin Langdon Coburn, which overlooks the river at Hammersmith Mall, and was examining the amazing gallery of notabilities created by his camera. A photograph of Joseph Conrad caused me to offer my tribute of admiration, whereupon a lady, sitting obscurely in one corner of the studio, began to speak. She knew Joseph Conrad and spoke authoritatively. She was an American journalist, a kind creature, whose name, I am ashamed to confess, I have now forgotten, but whose kindness enriched my life, for with a dangerous generosity she promised that I should meet Conrad.

A few weeks passed, and I had dismissed the promise as one of those pleasantries that pass with the teacups, when I received a card to say that she was giving a housewarming in her new flat off Bedford Square, to which Joseph Conrad might come. And might not, I concluded. But I accepted, since her kindness and her charm were sufficient rewards of themselves. I found the flat, an attic story, on the fifth floor of one of those stiff-fronted houses whose exteriors give no indication of their roominess within. But her accommodation was certainly crowded on that winter's afternoon of a dreary February in 1918. My hostess's daughter, two or three young actresses, and a couple of American university students, full of curiosity, packed the small, cheery room into which I was drawn through the hospitable aroma of toast-making. We chatted and laughed, and my hostess said she hoped Mr. Conrad would come. We all hoped, but disguised the meanness of our spirit from the nervous anxiety of our hostess. Conrad the elusive, Conrad the recluse — was he to be captured and held in this attic box whose high windows looked on the yellow sunset glow of a fog-shrouded day? A knock, a cry of welcome, and the good soul felt delivered. The Master had arrived.

I watched him furtively from the bay of the window into which I was wedged. While recognition was easy and complete, since photographs had truly conveyed that head, like an inverted triangle, with its long jaw, pointed beard, and semi-Mongolian eyes sunk beneath dark, defined eyebrows, I was surprised by the nature of the man. A master of seascapes, familiar with the moods of the Seven Seas and the stranger moods manning the ships upon those seas, a sea captain, an eyewitness of strange happenings on the borderlands of civilization, he was wholly unmarked by experience, unchanged by environment. For this man of medium height and compact body, trimly attired in a double-breasted blue-serge suit, with reflective monocle swinging on a thin cord, was a figure of complete civilization.

[1] From the *Bookman* (London literary monthly), *November*

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The Polish aristocrat, and not the sea captain, entered the room, as I had seen him, racially dominant while nationally disinherited, entering the drawing-rooms of the Faubourg St. Germain, driving in the Prata, or enjoying the sunset from the Pincio.

I accounted him then, in surmise, as I learned he was, in familiarity later, a prince among men. That is the testimony of all who knew him — a testimony which sprang neither from the glamour of fame nor from the written evidence of genius, but simply and spontaneously from the regality of his mental and physical presence.

I had yet to learn that charm, but the singularity was apparent at once. Half an hour elapsed before the movement in that flat found me standing and talking to Conrad. He told me afterward that I had rescued him — by a frontal attack with teacups and tea — from the wearisome catechism of an earnest but tactless young man bent on the dissection of genius; and in the same complaint I heard a protest against this exposure to an assembly. I had no superiority in most respects over the guest I had dispossessed, but I steered my bark cautiously through the ruffled waters of a mind whose depth I had no means of fathoming. Of his work, his achievement, it would have been presumption to speak: his own tireless, meticulous taskmaster, he knew well his triumphs and defeats. I spoke nothing of these, in question or tribute, but, with an egotism irrepressible in youth and tolerable only in that period because it is inconsequent and spontaneous, I told him of some experiences, fresh from visits to the Grand Fleet and the Dover Patrol.

I had caught his interest at once. He told me the war had overwhelmed his power of expression, so that he had been unable to complete a series of articles on the mine-sweepers which the Admiralty had sought him to do. 'I write with difficulty, with agony, in this hour of indecision,' he said. This inability, I saw later, was of the very essence of his genius. He was the alchemist, not the photographer, transmuting, not recording, ideas — into the fabric of a dream in which shape and substance were lost, from which potent suggestion and atmosphere arose. His human creatures, in love or anger, never sought words for expression. In that saga of a woman's heart, in *The Rescue*, the word 'love' is never mentioned in its four hundred pages, despite its theme.

So we talked until both grew conscious that duty to a hostess was in danger of eclipse, but as we parted he expressed a wish that we should meet again, and, to my surprise, named an evening for dinner at his flat. The manner of his expression was characteristic of his exquisite courtesy, his innate kindliness — if I was not too busy, if I would care, he said. Then he went, leaving me with a bounding heart, a sense of grateful, incredible wonder. If I was not too busy, if I would care! I saw my hostess was as baffled as I. The great god Chance is full of vagaries.

Before the momentous evening arrived, a note was delivered at my rooms. It was from Conrad. 'I think it fair to warn you,' he wrote, 'that we shall have on Sunday two dear ladies, great friends of ours, but who will certainly be in the way of the good talk I promised myself to have with you. My wife has just told me of these invitations. However, if you have the necessary courage, we shall be delighted to see you at seven o'clock on Sunday next.' Dear ladies, or dreadful Amazons, they could not have deterred me. It was the custom of Conrad, who at that time was living at Orlestone, to

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make a yearly excursion to London. He had rented a furnished flat in Hyde Park Mansions, Marylebone Road, and it was there I arrived on this memorable Sunday evening. The party was a small one, but friendly and of a family nature, so that the sense of visiting was soon lost. Conrad himself had the rare art of conferring distinction on those with whom he spoke, his choice of words, his deferential air, dismissing any nervousness one might feel in stating an opinion. The two old ladies certainly did not spoil our evening, and for that they prevented our 'good talk' I was subsequently grateful, when Conrad suggested another visit in a few days.

That first evening enabled me to see Conrad as he declared in a memorable passage he could never be seen — namely, 'Conrad *en pantoufles*. It is a constitutional inability.' That was so in the writer, but the man I then saw was certainly Conrad 'with his boots off' in the bosom of his family. The loving admiration that sounded in every mention of his wife, his vigilant attendance upon her wants, the pride with which he confidentially assured me 'Jessie' was a marvelous cook, the benediction that sounded in his voice as he pronounced this name of his wife — these revealed the personal Conrad, the Conrad for which you will search his books in vain, since no evidence or personal rumor of the man invades his prose or intimidates his style.

There were others besides the two dear ladies who were bent upon preventing a good talk between us, although the talk was good, bright, and lengthy as we gathered later in the little sitting-room: the Germans were busy above us in the night sky, and a muffled roar from the St. Pancras district told us of the drama overhead. Afterward, when I had departed, I realized that, while I had seen Conrad the man, he had as yet divulged no aspect of the novelist. Our talk had been of everything but books, of anything but Conrad. Later I might be rewarded, but I respected his reserve, and the charm of his hospitality, too deeply to intrude on this intimate domain of his inner life.

A few days passed, and then another note. 'Next Friday is our last in town, and it is Edward Garnett's evening. E. G. has done a lot for literature in the nineties, and anyway is an interesting and worthy personality. If you would like to meet him, come in about seven, and we will have a three-cornered talk.'

Mrs. Conrad once again sustained her reputation as hostess and cook — a rôle resulting later in a small volume of recipes in which a preface proclaimed the faith of one who had tested the recommendations. 'Edward,' as he was affectionately called, quizzical and quiet, listened more than spoke, ruminating over some point of discussion prior to my advent, which point proved afterward to be upon a new work in hand. Dinner finished, Mr. Garnett, with much fond shepherding, was helped to gather papers and apparel for his departure. Mrs. Conrad quietly disappeared, and we were alone in the dining-room.

My mind faithfully preserves every detail of our long conversation, unblurred through the crowded interval of my life since then. The strange, indelible quality of Conrad's personality was even more potent than I realized, and its potency was commingled with a singular diffidence, with a secret doubt that amounted at moments to a private agony of apprehension. I stumbled upon it by accident, and I leaped into his heart by a chance expression.

Our talk had turned to the art of writing, and he questioned me closely

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upon my own experience regarding the speed of composition, the need of revision, the fluidity of ideas. He confessed he had never known the pleasure of writing, only the ardor that drove him to it, and that his progress was painful, a long wrestling with the spirit within. 'Perhaps that is because I began late, when experience checked the singleness of youthful thought. I have never been fluent. Easy writing — and I do not say it cannot be good writing — is not possible to me. My success seems in proportion to my effort, to my striving. I feel that generalship has brought me whatever victories I may claim — if any.'

I watched his face as he pronounced the last two words, with a sadness, a quiet resignation, that surprised me.

'If any?' I repeated, the surprise in my voice.

He had risen, and stood, one foot resting upon the fender, one hand adjusting the position of the black-marble clock on the mantelpiece, his face looking into the fire.

'You may think I am childish, perhaps,' he said very slowly and quietly, so that I seemed to overhear his thoughts, 'but I could be content if I could think something of mine, something however small, might endure a while. One has expressions of immortality, — there are my boys, — but one's writing is one's own immortality, if it can be achieved.'

I showed my surprise that he could doubt his own achievement. Could he not feel assured? I asked. Had he not realized that his recognition, no popular one in its beginning, was soundly based, that his work had an enduring quality not only by virtue of its singularity of treatment, but also because it appealed neither through sensation nor through cleverness?

'My dear young man — if I could think that!' he answered; and then, fixing his eyes steadily upon me, as I sat there on the opposite side of the fireplace: 'In what book do you feel I have done this?'

'*Nostromo*, undoubtedly,' I said without hesitation.

There was a silence, during which he looked again into the fire, and I quietly observed him — the fine tenuous hand, the long Slavonic head. His hair was straight and dark, with a graying trimmed beard and thin moustache. The droop of the lids over the eyes gave him an imperious expression, and the skin, lightly furrowed with lines that marked the impress of nervous tension and high sensibility, had a yellow tinge which is the legacy of those who have braved the tropic suns. In this face its coloring may also have taken something from the fever that attacked him in the Congo, and which, one felt, had reduced the strength of a highly strung but resilient constitution. There were moments when he bore a similarity of type, though not of detail, to his friend R. B. Cunninghame Graham, or 'Count Roberto' as he called him, but he had not the dash or the suggestion of the dandy that characterize Graham. The deep, steady eyes, with their direct look, impersonal withal as a bird's eyes, so that you learned nothing of him while he seemed to learn all about you, the extraordinary length of the jaw from the ear to chin, fine and emphasized by the high cheek-bones, so that with his parchment skin he had a forceful resemblance to the mummied head of a Ptolemy — all these combined to give his appearance, added to a princely bearing in manner and deportment, a distinction that marked him as one apart, yet gave no clue to the métier of his distinction.

Observing him in this ensuing silence, I saw a change, a softening in the eyes, a less acute air in his manner.

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He turned toward me, murmuring half to himself: —

'My poor *Nostromo* — you think that? My dear young man, you have touched me as you cannot realize. Why did you say *Nostromo* of all my books? Tell me.'

I told him and he listened carefully, so that I found myself embarking upon an analysis of Conrad that left me amazed at my audacity when I had finished.

'Listen,' he said; 'you shall know a secret, if it interests you, which I could not have told to you except for those words of yours. *Nostromo* is my best book; it is more Conrad than anything I have written — that is, in the sense that it embarks on my greatest imaginative adventure, and involved the severest struggle. No work cost me so much and, achieved, gave me such satisfaction. I stand by *Nostromo*, out of the frailty of flesh, hoping it may last a while for a memorial. And yet it did not succeed with the public. They will not have my poor *Nostromo*. They prefer *Lord Jim*.'

He said this sadly, not bitterly, but henceforth I was conscious that my opinion had stirred him, and when I left the house I wondered upon the uncertainty of human ambition. Conrad, in the world's eyes preëminent, successful, reaping already the homage and attendant signs of tribute that presage immortality, seeking assurance of and comforted by the opinion of an obscure young man!

My travels interrupted our friendship, but somehow he kept watch from his country retreat; and a surprising and generous vigilance it was. The first performance of a play brought a warmly worded telegram, the publication of a novel a heartening welcome from a marshal to a recruit. For my part, I watched the gallant fight he was making, crippled with gout, assailed by domestic illnesses. His letters betrayed signs of that hidden battle against the inveterate foe. Sometimes they were written in a bold, scrawling hand, whose enlarged letters had a painful line; sometimes they were typewritten, courtesy forbidding him to open or close them without a few autographic words; and sometimes they were a mixture of typescript and autograph. 'I give up this written supplement. My wrist aches and aches,' he adds in a footnote; and, 'A gouty wrist prevents me from writing more than a line or two at a time. Hence this typescript, for which I apologize.' He fought latterly for expression in more senses than one.

To the end he was master of his craft, as befitted a skilled seaman. Conrad's death at sixty-seven was a tragedy, for the mind showed no weakening in sympathy with the body. His closing years of labor were marked by unsparing self-examination; he was jealous and critical of age, and accorded it no privilege or right of lowered performance. When *The Rescue* was appearing serially in 1919 he showed, as Henry James with *Roderick Hudson*, a calm courage that permitted him to release the opening of an unfinished story. Some comments of mine brought a confession and a revelation: —

> . . . those pages of mine of which you speak have been written a long time ago. A very long time ago. This book was begun really before I knew my business. But I knew enough to feel this and to lay it aside. It was taken up from time to time till I felt that the time had come to finish it. What had been written has been severely revised and pruned; but I think that the storm description is still too long; and it appears unfortunately still longer because, as it happens, it fills the whole installment. However, you like it, and it is not for me to argue against an opinion that gives me so much pleasure.

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The same letter contained another confession. It had seemed to me, in reading those first installments, that Conrad was making a supreme effort to add one cubit to his stature. The sea passages were grander than ever, the mysterious atmosphere of his story even more potent than in former wizardry of words, the action more dynamic. It seemed as if Conrad were preparing for a final bow that should not leave the applause hesitating, the judgment reserved. He lived to write two more splendid novels, so that *The Rescue* was not his swan-song, but his letter seems to endorse my impression that, at the moment of writing, he thought he was saying farewell to his public.

Yes. I am not myself without some anxiety as to keeping up at the same pitch. I have thrown into that tale, as into a desperate fight, all that I am, all that I have, in the way of romantic vision, expression, and feeling. *That* is the artistic aim of the story. I am telling you this, but you need not communicate it to the world at large. Treat it as what it is — a confidence. Years hence when I am no longer among you young men who think of me so kindly, and the subject happens to turn up in a reminiscent conversation (everything is possible), you will be able to speak with authority. 'Yes, Conrad wrote to me about it before the story was actually finished.' For it is not quite finished yet. And this is also a confidence. Only a few friends know, and by this confidence you are enlisted into their ranks.

Well, the desperate fight was finished triumphantly, and 'the years hence,' bringing finality and death, have come. It is a great memory to know that I was among those 'young men who think of me so kindly' — probably more numerous than he knew, such was the compelling power of his work for those who sought to follow after so great a master of his craft. His was no self-centred nature, no selfish triumph. Deeply conscious of the heights to which he pressed untiringly, he turned an eager ear to all criticism. I brought to him no fluent adulation, and suggestions he might well have resented from so unauthoritative a source were treated with courteous gravity.

And in the lesser things of life he was no less a prince among men. From his seclusion he somehow kept an eye and ear for the works of his obscurest friends. A newspaper article prompted him to break a silence: —

Your R.A.F. paper is very good — but I don't think the age is so very wondrous, unless perhaps in spots, like the curate's eggs. Otherwise humanity is at its old game, the same old game from the beginning of ages, and I really believe that the invention of the bow and arrows was a much more wonderful feat than the mere invention of flying machines — when you dispassionately think of it. But the young men are all right.

Such in brief was the man that happy Chance enabled me to meet and love. The world has the measure of the writer in his written legacy, but it was much to have found in personal contact how erroneous is the cynical belief that a man may be less than his work, smaller than the heroic size of his monument. With Joseph Conrad this was not so.

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SNAKES[1]

BY JOAN B. PROCTOR

THE dislike that most people have for snakes is due chiefly to the mass of superstitions and popular fallacies in circulation about them. The average person will tell you that snakes are cold, slimy, creepy things that sting you with their venomous forked tongues. But snakes are warm, dry, swift, and graceful, and their fluttering tongues are as harmless as a cat's whiskers. It is really a pity that they should be so much misunderstood. Almost any person who is shown a snake under proper conditions, or who has kept one as a pet, becomes fascinated by its beauty and soon loses the fear born of ignorance.

There are over two thousand kinds of snakes, most of them tropical, for the majority rely on the heat of the sun to hatch their eggs. In England the common viper gets over this by retaining her eggs until they hatch, so that the baby vipers are born fully formed and able to take care of themselves. The grass snake makes use of the heat generated by rotting vegetation, and that is why its eggs are so frequently found in manure heaps and the stacks of rotting weeds along river-banks.

All snakes are cold-blooded — that is to say, their blood-heat is dependent upon the temperature of their surroundings. They have no limbs, although the pythons and two or three other families have vestiges of them. The two halves of their lower jaw are connected together at the chin, and also to the upper jaw, with elastic ligaments instead of bony articulations, and this last characteristic alone may be used to distinguish them from the legless lizards that superficially resemble them in many ways. Many other characters — such as the absence of ears and movable eyelids — are usually included in a definition. The zoölogist places snakes in an order called Ophidia, and further subdivides this into families, genera, species, and varieties. The characters that are used in this scheme of classification require a detailed knowledge of their comparative anatomy, and particularly of their teeth, of which there are an enormous number of different patterns.

In an outline of this kind they are best reviewed in groups, as follows: —

1. Blind-burrowing species
2. Constrictors
3. Harmless solid-fanged species
4. Slightly poisonous back-fanged species
5. Dangerous front-fanged species
6. Vipers

In all the groups excepting 1, there is a great range of variation in form and habitat, including tree snakes, water snakes, ground, and burrowing snakes, of both nocturnal and diurnal habits and every grade of temperament. Some of the most harmless to look at are the most spiteful and venomous, and some really evil-looking ones make charming pets.

They all feed upon live prey, which they hunt and kill in various different ways. The venomous species inflict a

[1] From *Discovery* (London popular-science monthly), *December*

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poisoned bite that either kills or paralyzes the victim. The fangs with which the poison is injected are longer than the solid teeth, curved, and either grooved or tubular. The poison is secreted in a gland at the side of the back of the head, and, when certain muscles are used in the action of biting, it is forced from the gland down a duct leading to the fangs and on into the wound caused by the bite. In fact, the apparatus works very much like a hypodermic syringe for the injection of venom. In the back-fanged species these fangs are at the back of all the solid teeth, and they are less highly developed and only grooved, so that there is less risk from a bite from these, for the venom does not always get injected, as the teeth are so far back in the mouth. In the front-fanged group — to which the cobras, tiger snakes, and sea snakes belong — the fangs are the first of the series, and in many cases the other teeth are small and few in number. A bite from almost any of these snakes may be expected to have fatal results, the venom paralyzing the respiratory apparatus and the nerves of the heart. In the vipers the front-fang type of apparatus is carried to a still more perfect stage. The fangs are always tubular, enormously long, and can be erected or folded back against the roof of the mouth. It is quite impossible to avoid a full dose of poison if bitten. The venom itself is of an entirely different kind, which acts upon the blood, with fatal results in the case of the larger species. First aid for snake-bite consists of immediate ligatures to cut the bitten part off from the circulation, and then the bite should be opened up with a knife and as much blood and venom as possible squeezed out. Only after this has been done is it wise to move the patient or allow any whiskey or other stimulant to be drunk, for the great thing to avoid is stimulation of the pulse. In most tropical countries where dangerous snakes are common serum can be afterward administered by a doctor, and very encouraging results are being obtained by its use.

There are two families of these very degenerate snakes, the blind-burrowing species of Group 1, all very small and covered with roundish, polished scales. Their eyes are either absent altogether, or so vestigial as to be mere dots indicated in the ocular scale. Frequently the head and tail are so much alike that it is necessary to make a careful examination before one can be certain which is which. All the members of this group live underground lives and feed upon worms. They are rarely seen except when they are accidentally dug up.

The constrictors form a natural family of very powerful snakes, all of which kill their prey by crushing it in their coils before eating it. A typical example is the Reticulated Python of the East, the largest of present-day species, which reaches over thirty feet in length. Like the majority of true pythons, it is difficult to tame. Quite small ones bite savagely, and the twenty-five-foot specimen now living in the Zoo is so dangerous that it has to be shut off behind an iron shutter before its cage can be cleaned. The Indian Python is less irritable, and the most gentle are the beautiful African Royal, and the Australian Diamond Python or 'carpet' snake.

The boas are separated from the pythons in a subfamily of their own. Among them the South American anaconda is placed, another giant among snakes, reaching thirty feet. It is extraordinary how powerful these big constrictors are; they can crush and swallow full-sized pigs, antelope, and deer. Specimens of about ten feet long require several men to hold them safely, and a twenty-foot one needs ten men or

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more. Although their bite is harmless in the sense that it is not venomous, all the pythons and boas give a severe tearing bite, and when they have got hold it is very difficult to extricate oneself from their long curved teeth. The anaconda is a river snake, and is a very powerful swimmer and able to remain submerged for a long time. Usually, however, it remains in the water with just the tip of its snout above, watching for its prey.

Another native of South America is the common Boa Constrictor, one of the most beautiful of all snakes. Young specimens become very tame, and make charming pets. They live in trees, and feed upon birds and mammals, hunting chiefly at night. With the exception of the Green Tree-boa, which is vivid emerald-green patterned with ivory, the common boa is the most beautiful of the constrictors. The ground color is chestnut, shading to coral on the tail, and on this is woven a most complicated pattern in ivory, chocolate, black, and Indian red, progressively brightening on the tail, which is all ivory, black, and red. One which I kept as a pet in my office was very intelligent, and an adept at hiding itself. A favorite retreat was a row of books along the back of my desk. It found that by pushing out the first, and insinuating its nose, it could push each book forward and lie along the back of them, leaving its tail in place of the displaced book and watching my visitors from the other end.

Although most of the boas come from tropical America, a few are found in the Old World, particularly in Madagascar. There are also some degenerate burrowing species, desert forms only about two feet in length, found from Egypt across to India.

Next we have the harmless solid-fanged snakes.

The species thus grouped together belong to several distinct families and subfamilies, and comprise the vast majority of the whole order. It is, however, only possible to deal with a few typical species here.

One of the most interesting is the Egg-eating Snake, unique in possessing 'teeth' down the back of its throat, with which it saws through the shells of eggs which it has first swallowed whole. These are not true teeth, but processes from the vertebræ of the neck which penetrate the gullet and act as such. It is an amazing sight to watch an Egg-eater eating a hen's egg, for the snake is small and its head is much less than half the diameter of an egg. Nevertheless, with the help of the elastic ligaments attaching the lower jaws — both to each other and to the skull — they are able to stretch their mouths to such an amazing extent that the egg is swallowed whole and uncracked. When it has been dealt with in the gullet, the shell, in the form of an elongated pellet, is thrown up, its contents having been first passed into the stomach.

The North American Hog-nosed Snake is another very attractive species, although, unfortunately, they do not do well in captivity because they are usually badly infected with worms. These snakes are thickset and viper-like in appearance, the end of the snout turning up abruptly into a soft horn like that of the Rhinoceros Viper. The back is strongly marked in rich shades of brown and black, and the pupil of the eye is like that of a cat. In spite of a distinctly evil appearance, they are the gentlest of snakes, and will not bite however roughly they are handled. They protest by flattening the body, especially the neck, and assuming a threatening attitude with loud hisses. If this does not answer, they give an excellent imitation of an epileptic fit, and turn over on their backs as though

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dead. They hunt at night, and feed upon toads.

North America is rich in harmless snakes, many of which live well in captivity and are easy to obtain. There are the Corn Snakes, which are a rich chestnut-red color; the striped Chicken and Black Pilot Snakes, which are two varieties of one species; the gentle King Snake with its chained markings; the Racers; and any number of others.

Parallelism is common in reptiles, and among these solid-toothed forms there are the 'false' coral snakes, 'false' moccasins, and many viperlike and cobralike species, as well as tree and water snakes resembling poison-fanged cousins. This is not necessarily due to mimicry, for some of the most perfect parallels do not inhabit the same continent; it is due to genuinely parallel lines of development from separate stocks.

The majority of the back-fanged snakes belong to one subfamily, and in their range of variation of form and temperament they are very similar to the solid-fanged families. The most noteworthy of this group is the South African Boomslang or tree snake, which lately won for itself the distinction of nearly killing a well-known collector. It had always been supposed that none of these snakes was very poisonous, but this species proved to be quite as poisonous as many of the vipers.

The most beautiful species are the long-nosed tree snakes found in South America, Africa, and India, most of which are emerald green, and very slender. Another, the Ornamental Tree Snake of the East, is also known as the flying snake, because it is able to draw its undersurface in against its back, and volplane from tree to tree, like a glider. It is certainly ornamental, for it is yellow-green, vermiculated with black and spotted with crimson.

The front-fanged snakes belong to two subfamilies, the sea snakes and the cobra subfamily. The sea snakes have nothing to do with the legendary sea-serpent, but are ordinary very poisonous snakes that live in the sea or in estuaries. Nearly all of them come from the Indian Ocean and the coasts of Indo-Australasia. All sea snakes have oarlike tails, and another interesting thing about them is that, whereas ordinary snakes have one notch in the upper lip through which the tongue is ejected without opening the mouth, sea snakes have two, and only the bifid portion of the tongue is protruded, each half through its own notch. As a rule none of them grows very big, but I have seen one about eight feet long.

Of the cobra group, the most well-known are the Coral Snakes of tropical America, the Cobras and Mambas of Africa, the Cobras, Hamadryads, and Kraits of the Indian region, and the Tiger and Black Snakes of Australia. All cause an enormous number of deaths annually through snake-bite, especially in places where coolies work with bare feet, and therefore stand no chance if they should tread upon one.

Few people realize that cobras are much more active at night, and are often sleepy in the daytime, when they are also distinctly shortsighted. It is a comparatively easy thing to 'play' a cobra in the daylight, if one is accustomed to its ways, and many so-called snake-charmers are merely very quick and clever with their cobras, thoroughly understanding how to bewilder them and keep them 'dancing' with spread hood, at the same time avoiding being struck at, without appearing to do so. There are, of course, natives who are immune to the venom, and these are able to give a really exciting display, because they run no risk from the venom and can therefore allow themselves to be bitten freely.

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The Hamadryad or king cobra is the most to be feared of all the poisonous snakes. To begin with, it is very savage and irritable, and will deliberately attack a man without provocation; but this is not all: instead of being a little stupid like the cobra, or rather sluggish like some of the vipers, it is so swift and sure in its movements that the average man stands no chance against it whatever. Added to this, a single drop of its poison might be sufficient to kill a man, but eight or nine drops is the amount that it is likely to inject into a bite. Cobras themselves, and other snakes, have reason to fear it as much as man, for it preys entirely upon other snakes, which it has no trouble in catching, owing to its superior speed.

The vipers also fall into two natural subfamilies: the Old World true vipers, and the pit-vipers, so called because of a deep sensory pit that is always present between the nostril and the eye.

The true vipers range from the small adders and asps of Europe and North Africa to the dreaded Russel's viper of India and the large puff-adders of tropical Africa. The most beautiful of them all is the Gaboon Viper, one of the true puff-adders. This is a very heavily built snake, with a perfectly triangular head and short tail. It is patterned with the brilliancy of a Turkey carpet in a bold design of wine-red black, various rufous browns, and ivory. Perhaps its cousin the Rhinoceros-horned Viper is even more dangerous-looking. Another well-known species is the Horned Asp of Egypt, which was chosen by Cleopatra as an artistic mode of suicide. Evidently the deluded queen did not know how extremely painful is death by viper-poisoning, or how unromantic the symptoms, and how disfiguring the resulting hemorrhages! The businesslike modern Egyptians make money by selling sham horned asps to collectors, patiently made by sticking the spines from sea-urchins through the 'eyebrows' of the common unhorned asp. One such specimen was so neatly prepared that it was mistaken for a species new to science by a zoölogist who should have known better.

The pit-vipers divide naturally into two groups — those with rattles and those without. To the latter belong the Bushmaster, Moccasin, and the Fer-de-lance, all of which are the giants of the viper family, attaining six feet or more. In the old days planters introduced the Fer-de-lance into the West Indies to stop slaves from running away. No slave would face life in hiding in the sugar plantations with death by the bite of these snakes as an almost certain end. The snake, however, became such a pest that the mongoose was introduced to exterminate it. Now the mongoose has become worse than the rabbit in Australia, and efforts are being made to get rid of it.

There are many species of rattlesnake, and they cause a great number of deaths from snake-bite annually in the United States. The rattle itself is composed of loose pieces of horn attached to the end of the tail-vertebræ. The loud buzz that it produces is made by an intense vibration of the tail that occurs automatically when the snake is alarmed or otherwise excited. It is not only rattlers that do this; many species of snake will do so when upset, even though they have no rattle, and if they happen to be among dry leaves the buzz can be plainly heard. Besides many harmless snakes, I recently saw a Hamadryad doing it.

It would be far easier to write a three-volume book than an article on snakes, for they are so varied and so interesting, both in their forms and in their temperaments and habits. Perhaps this is enough to show that at any rate they are not dull, creepy-crawly things as most people like to believe.

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THE PROPHECY[1]

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

[THE following story is reprinted by arrangement with the publishers.]

CHARLES FORDE saw his neighbor, Thomas Finch, walking up the garden path of Oatlands, and braced himself for an exceedingly painful interview; because Mr. Finch was betrothed to the elder man's only daughter, and within the past four-and-twenty hours Jenny Forde had changed her mind and decided, after an engagement of six months, that Tom Finch, of Five Elms, was not the man for her.

She could offer no decent excuse for this defection, and her father knew it. Mr. Finch farmed his own land and enjoyed a reputation for good sense and good fortune. His record was untarnished, his prospects excellent, his health good. A dark, clean-shaven man of character, he had courted Jenny and won her without difficulty. He loved her heartily and had proved a generous and kindly sweetheart; yet now, within three months of marriage, the young woman decided that nothing on earth would make her marry Tom. She lacked the pluck to tell him herself, and her widowed father, after protesting indignantly and striving for three days to convince the wayward maid that she was doing a wicked thing, found her obstinacy proof against every argument.

She offered no sane reasons — a fact that made Mr. Forde's task the more difficult; and in the approaching interview his sympathies were entirely with Thomas. Nor did he disguise the fact when Finch appeared.

'Come in the pleasure garden out o' the way, Tom,' began Charles. 'I'm in a lot of trouble. That's why for I asked you to step over.'

'I take it kindly that you should,' answered the younger. 'If I, as be going to be your son-in-law at Michaelmas, can't help you in a hitch, 't is pity.'

'Two difficulties I be in,' said Farmer Forde, 'and one is nought, but t'other looks like the worst come-along-of-it as I've been called to face since my wife died. Will you have a spot of whiskey?'

'No, thank you, not of a morning. What's the trouble, then?'

'First, my cowman's leaving — after ten years. My right hand, you may say; and now he's a fancy as Dartmoor ban't suiting his breathing parts, and be going down to the in-country. A proper disaster in its way, for such a cowman I don't count to see again.'

'Fancy Amos off! You do surprise me. But if that be nothing to t'other disaster, then it must be fearsome bad, Charles.'

'So 'tis, Tom; and what's more, you're in it. I'm properly out of sorts about the thing, and it's knocked ten years off my life, as I powerfully believe. In a word, Jenny ain't going to marry you, my dear. I've talked my throat sore, and used pretty harsh language too, as well I might; but she be dead to honor and justice and every damn thing; and 'tis my cruel task to

[1] From *Up Hill, Down Dale*, by Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

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tell you, because she have n't got the face.'

Mr. Finch breathed heavily through his nose, and his dark eyes grew very hard.

'This is what her airs and graces of late have meant, then,' he said. 'I've known there was something in the wind this longful time, Charles Forde; and I was patient, as becomes a man with a female. And why have she done this outrageous act, if I may ax?'

'You may ax, same as I did, a hundred times, Tom; but whether you'll get an answer be to see. In a word, all she'll say is that it have been borne in upon her, so fierce as sunrise, that she must marry a fair man. A fair man or none it have got to be, and her "inner soul" — that's what she calls it, her "inner soul" — tells her that the man she takes will be the flaxen sort. Another kind would spell failure.'

'And that's all the reason for throwing me over after six months' tokening and about two years' courting?'

''Tis too shameful for words, and if she were n't my one and only I'd turn her out of the house for it,' declared the master of Oatlands. 'But there it stands, and I'll swear you ain't much more put about than me.'

Mr. Finch was silent for some moments, and the father of the faithless girl ran his hand through his scanty hair, pulled his whiskers, and sighed heavily.

Then Thomas asked a question.

'And what about my presents, master?'

'They be all here in this parcel,' answered Mr. Forde. 'You'll find 'em to the leastest, Tom. Everything be done decently and in order, for that matter.'

'Decently! Your daughter don't know the meaning of the word,' answered Finch. 'I ban't going to blow nor bluster, nor make any sort of fuss; because to do so would be to waste steam and leave me so much the worse off. And I ban't going to say I'm not cruel shocked and disappointed neither. I am. This is such a disaster as I could n't have thought would have overtook a straight and simple man like me.'

'You've a right to see her if you want, Tom. I told her that.'

'I do not want. If she could do this in cold blood, for no honest reason on earth, then I don't want to see her again. And I don't want to think of her neither. It beggars belief and be contrary to nature, though doubtless not contrary to woman's nature. She's a wicked girl, Charles, and her heart be in the wrong place, and God help the flaxen man when he comes along — that's all I've got to say about it.'

Mr. Finch rose and prepared to go his way.

'You've took it like the fine chap you are, Tom; and I hope to God you won't let this catastrophe come between me and you. I've been your friend since you growed up, and your father's friend afore you, and I'd rather have cut off this hand than let such a fearful blow come upon you from anyone of my name.'

'I believe you. I don't feel no different to you. I'm sorry you should have such a woman as a daughter. Now I'll be gone.'

He took his presents, which made rather a bulky parcel, put on his hat, and went his way, while a pair of eyes as dark as his own, but not as straight, watched him depart from a dormer window in the thatch above.

A moment or two later Jenny Forde joined her father, who gloomily filled his pipe.

She was a slim, good-looking girl of twenty-five with a face rather lacking in expression. She had indeed no particular characteristics, save vanity and

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ignorance, and the folly she had now committed arose from another foolish act in the recent past. Unknown to her parent or sweetheart, Jenny allowed a gypsy to tell her fortune at a revel, and learning from the 'wise woman' that she must wed a fair man, who would come to her and court her in disguise, the prospect of a romance so attractive induced her change of mind. For the gypsy had once predicted smooth things to a bosom friend of Jenny's, and something so like the prophecy actually happened to this maiden a year afterward that Miss Forde herself sought the prophetess at the next opportunity. She was now quite determined to accept the old woman's promises, even at the expense of her own good name and character for sense.

'How did it go?' she asked.

'You hard devil!' answered Jenny's father. 'What do you care how it's gone? He's took it like the man he is.'

'And took his presents also, I see.'

'Certainly. Why for not? You would n't have had the face to sport his fal-lals no more, I should think, after you'd put it across him this way. He was sorry for himself, that life had brought him such a facer, and he was sorry for me, because I'd got such a bad-hearted creature for a daughter.'

'And he might have been sorry for me too, I should think. A fine woman and a clever woman like me don't do such a thing for nought. I was sorry enough to turn him down, was n't I? But you can't help your feelings and convictions; and once I got properly fixed in my mind that I must wed a fair man, or none, I could n't go on with Tom Finch — in justice to him. If you find you've stopped loving a man, you've got to say so, have n't you? And no sensible man wants to love a woman that don't love him.'

They wrangled to no purpose, and Jenny declared herself hardly treated and misunderstood. But in reality she experienced nothing but a sense of secret relief that the matter had come to an end. She was not built to feel deeply, but she was built to pretend cleverly, and Mr. Finch had certainly believed that she cared for him and could not fail to make a valuable and whole-hearted wife.

A week passed, and the news ran through Ponsworthy hamlet that Jenny Forde had changed her mind about Tom Finch. The sensation lasted a second week, and those who did not admire Mr. Finch — being induced to disparage him by reason of his prosperity — were not sorry; while his friends declared him well out of a stupid mating, for they argued that Miss Forde must be a fool to jilt the best man she was ever likely to win; and no man desires to marry a fool.

Then, while Jenny's father was forgetting this unfortunate incident, before the growing problem of his new cowman, a cowman appeared. It wanted but a fortnight to the withdrawal of the invaluable Amos, and his master began to despair of the right man, when a light shone through the gloom, and a most admirable and accomplished person offered his services. He came armed with excellent credentials; he proved of amiable disposition and invincible good nature; and he was, as Charles Forde could not fail to note, about the most strikingly handsome man he had seen in his life.

Samuel Pascoe was eight-and-twenty. He stood six feet high, and chance had willed that his features should be cast in classic mould. There was something Greek in his open, clear-cut face, beautiful mouth, and round chin. His eyes were gray and lustrous, his forehead broad, his corn-colored hair close and curly.

Having read an excellent account of Samuel, and learned further that he

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had fought in the war, which was an essential in Mr. Forde's opinion, he examined him on the subject of his business, and found him well versed in it.

'You seem to know so much about cows as a man of your age can be expected to know,' admitted the farmer; 'and your papers are all they should be. No encumbrances, neither?'

'None whatever,' declared the youth.

'You want ten shilling a week more than what I'd hoped to pay, however.'

'I reckon you'll find I'm worth it, master,' said Samuel. 'Your ten cows won't take me all my time. I like horses too, though I don't pretend to know much about 'em inside. But I can plough, and I be fond of ploughing.'

'Come, then, and us'll see how we get on,' decided the master of Oatlands. 'You ban't too nice for the rough and tumble, I hope?' he added. 'You look a bit of a gentleman, and us ain't got no use for nothing like that.'

Samuel Pascoe laughed.

'It's only army ways,' he said. 'You get in the fashion of washing and shaving and being smart — all good things on a farm, or anywhere.'

'Very true indeed,' admitted the elder. 'I've a great belief in washing, and have preached it to deaf ears all my life. If you can stand to work, I don't care how clean you be, nor yet what you wear.'

So Mr. Pascoe took up his new duties, and two months later Charles confessed to Tom Finch that he was worth his money.

'It shows, if that wanted showing, that there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it,' he declared. 'I never thought to better Amos, yet here's a man so ready and willing as ever he was, and cleverer, along of education. A proper treasure in fact.'

'Without a doubt he is,' replied the younger farmer. 'A very understanding chap, and nice in his speech, and the best-looking beggar — bar none — that ever I saw. He comes in to me for a tell now and then, and he's cured my piebald cow of her bad heel — a thing I never hoped for.'

They expatiated on the virtues of Samuel, and then Mr. Forde ventured a word concerning Jenny.

'Forgive a painful subject,' he said. 'Nought but friendship and my deep respect for you makes me speak of it, Tom. I hope you be recovering very well from your cruel shock? With all my heart I hope it.'

'I am,' answered Finch calmly. 'I am recovering, because what you said just now — as to fish in the sea — is so true of a sweetheart as a cowman. In fact, truer, because no doubt there's lots of young, rising maidens near wife-old as will make very good mates for the men; but there ain't lots of chaps to match Sam Pascoe, or, if there are, I ain't never seen 'em.'

'Very true indeed,' replied the other. Then he hesitated, opened his mouth to speak, but put his pipe in again and kept silent. Indeed, the subject that had flashed to Mr. Forde's mind was hardly one for the other's ear. It concerned a situation of the most delicate nature, a situation that had not yet developed, and which, in any case, could hardly be mentioned in the hearing of Thomas Finch.

They parted, and the elder communed with his own heart. For within six weeks of the cowman's advent he had not failed to perceive a startling circumstance. Samuel lived at the farm and took his meals with the head man and the family. From apparent indifference toward him, there had wakened interest in the mistress of Oatlands, and now Jenny's father believed that she began to entertain something like regard for Mr. Pascoe. Samuel quite unconsciously stimulated

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this emotion. He was very charming and attentive; but his good manners and cheerful smiles might be considered public property. He proved a sociable person and accepted the friendship of all who cared to offer it. There was no mystery about him. He let it be known that he was not engaged to be married, and declared himself well contented with his present lot. He liked the women and they liked him, but he seemed very complete in himself.

Then Mr. Forde made his discovery, and, once suspicious, bided his time until no shadow of doubt remained. He had in truth surprised Jenny's secret. For, if ever she had loved anybody, she now found herself in love with Samuel. In the first place, he was a very fascinating and elusive person, entirely attractive as a man; and, in the second, she could not but perceive he conformed very closely to the gypsy's words. He was fair, amazingly good to look at, and, what was still more important, a certain aloof air lent promise that Mr. Pascoe might be more than he appeared. One thing only remained to complete the great prophecy: Samuel must now fall in love with Jenny. But that, so far, he showed no signs of doing.

Yet the girl soon lived in a day-dream, for nothing so beautiful and attractive as Samuel had she seen, and she doubted not that his modesty prompted him to hesitate before declaring an answering love. Her part she did, however, and presently by a thousand touches must have made it apparent to any man, not an idiot, that she cared for him. But he made no answering sign, and once again Farmer Forde began to suffer increasing uneasiness on behalf of his child. For his part, after two months of the incomparable Pascoe, Jenny's father felt that such a son-in-law, even though he came empty-handed, would receive nothing but a welcome from him. Indeed, Samuel was to be preferred even to Thomas. For Mr. Finch, of course, had intended that Jenny should leave her home for Five Elms when she married him, whereas, since Oatlands would be her property upon her father's death, the advent of a man ready and willing to make the farm his care for the rest of his life, with Jenny for helpmate, was a picture that had sentimental attraction for Mr. Forde.

Still, however, Samuel held off; and not merely did he hold of, but he gave no hint or sign that he was ever coming on. Sometimes indeed Jenny saw gleams of hope. She treasured his least word and counted every day's smiles; but she remembered Mr. Finch and perceived that none of the signs of a man in love marked Pascoe's friendship. He thanked her for her good offices — the button she sewed on and the socks she darned, the flower she would pick for his buttonhole on Sunday, and her assiduity to furnish the dishes that Samuel declared his favorites; but nothing came of it, and, when her father ventured to approach the subject and hint to Jenny that her regard for the cowman began to grow rather painfully obvious, she was frank, wept many tears, and confessed in Charles Forde's ear that she loved.

'Why the mischief he don't speak I can't think,' she sobbed. 'He's the man was meant for me — the man the "wise woman" saw in her crystal. I know it by a thousand things. And he loves me — he must, if he's got a heart — but — but the silly modesty of the man! He knows I be well-to-do and all that. And yet — oh, 't is a cruel trial of patience. I could slap his beautiful face sometimes. But I ban't a queen to tell him I'll marry him.'

'No,' admitted the farmer, 'you can't tell him you'll marry him; but since I'm set on the chap very near so

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much as you, belike I might whisper a word in season. Only there's one cruel doubt. If he ban't got no use for you, then he'll be scared and give notice. In fact, there won't be nothing else for him to do, as a right-thinking young man.'

'You need n't fear no such thing,' she answered. 'He only wants a hint, I reckon, and if you do it clever, with a proper care for my feelings, he'll offer for me. He's a very good man and I love him; and once he knows it — though how he don't I can't guess — then he'll do the rest. I'll go to Ashburton Sunday and be out of the way, and you can say the word in season.'

Mr. Forde promised and obeyed. He dreaded the interview and its sequel very gravely, for he did not share Jenny's confidence; but he spoke, and Mr. Pascoe listened. Samuel was all smiles as usual, though he did not commit himself, and, after his master had hinted that Jenny was seeking a husband, the cowman declared that her chosen would be fortunate when he came along.

'The point is that he have come along,' murmured Mr. Forde. 'He have come along, Samuel; and since a nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse, I need n't say no more than that his two initial letters be S. P. The rest I'll leave very willing to you.'

Mr. Pascoe exhibited no very great astonishment, nor was his gratification marked. Indeed, he kept exceedingly cool, smiled his ineffable smile, and said that Jenny's father had thrown light on an obscure situation.

''T is a great compliment, I'm sure,' he said. 'I be going to eat my dinner along with Mr. Finch next Sunday, for he's shown me amazing friendship since I came to Ponsworthy; and if Miss will be so kind as to meet me to New Bridge on River Dart at three of the clock that afternoon, I'll do what I can to clear the thing up very clever.'

'And terrible pleased I shall be, let me tell you,' added Mr. Forde. 'I think the world of you, Samuel; and though you ain't got no money, my son, you've got what's a lot better — a dollop of sense and good understanding. And I'd so soon see you reigning at Oatlands, after I go home, as any man I know.'

Samuel acknowledged such handsome praise fittingly.

'Ditto here,' he said. 'I'm very proud to work for you, master, and the man who is your son-in-law won't have lived in vain for sartain. For you'm kindness made alive, I'm sure.'

'And Jenny's my daughter, Samuel.'

'Favors her mother, no doubt,' said Mr. Pascoe, blandly.

He preserved his impassive charm throughout the week, and made no allusion to the tryst; but he asked for Wednesday off, and did not return until a late hour.

Then came the appointed afternoon, and Jenny, with a high heart, made ready after Sunday dinner. Gloves, feather, and a new frock completed the picture, and she reached New Bridge five minutes before the hour.

Samuel, who had taken his dinner at Five Elms, was not there; but at three a little procession crept from the byway that led to Mr. Finch's farm, and Jenny Forde observed a young woman, a perambulator, and a man. The man trundled the perambulator, and the young woman walked with her arm in his. It was Samuel Pascoe.

He introduced his wife and babe.

'This is my Milly, Miss,' he said, 'and this is my Sammy — one year old and the living daps of his mother, as you see.'

Jenny kept her head with an effort. Then the procession went forward, and she struggled home. When Pascoe returned in the evening and explained

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that his wife had arrived two days before at the invitation of Mr. Finch, Jenny was gone to bed with a headache, and Samuel's master had it out.

'You said you had no encumbrances, Samuel Pascoe,' he began sternly.

'No more I have, Mr. Forde. My wife and child be the joy of my life and no more of an encumbrance than my nose. You see, 'twas this way. When I come first to wait on you, last June, I axed the road to Oatlands at Farmer Finch's, and he saw me himself and got talking. And he said that I'd do very wisely to keep shut about my family and not let on I was married for six months. Why for he advised so I can't say; but so he did. And when I heard as Miss favored me I went instanter to Mr. Finch and told him how 'twas, and he said the truth must out, and he'd take in my family for a few days; which he did do. And so it happened, and I done as he advised, and went o' Wednesday to fetch Milly and Sam. And Mr. Finch be wanting a new cowman and dairymaid also. So no doubt 'twill be the cleverest thing for me to go to him come my month's out.'

'This be a dark and devilish plot, then?' asked Mr. Forde, with gathering indignation. 'A plot against me and my darter?'

'Not on my part,' answered Samuel. 'I understood as you liked for your people to be single, but I hoped when I'd made good you'd overlook my wife and child. As to your darter, Mr. Finch never named her name to me.'

So the cowman prepared to join a new master; Jenny went to the seaside to recover; and Mr. Forde demanded an explanation from his old friend, which Mr. Finch did not deny him.

'I wanted a slap at her,' confessed Thomas, 'and when that terrible handsome, flaxen chap come along I saw my way. It all went very clever, and she did n't get an ounce more than she deserved, as you well know, Charles. Now she'll understand a bit of what she made me suffer — if she can understand anything. And of course Samuel could n't stay along with you no more, so he comes to me. Sorry I had to hit you so hard, but I could n't be evens with your beastly Jenny no other way.'

'Then this I'll say,' answered the elder. 'You've done a hateful thing, Thomas Finch, and, though the law can't reach you, I hope your conscience will; and never speak to me no more, for you be dead to me hereafter.'

'As you please, farmer. But you can have my old cowman if you mind to. He's going begging, and he's got a skew eye and one leg shorter than t'other, and no hair on his poll, — flaxen or otherwise, — so your girl ban't likely to make no trouble for you in that quarter.'

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JAZZ AND GUITAR [1]

BY ÉDOUARD COMBE

My title is one that MM. Duvernois and Dieudonné have used for a comedy in which they have presented the contrast between two types of women, two kinds of love. The jazz-band symbolizes modernism and dancing — that whole superficial existence in which women have forgotten even the idea of real love. The guitar, on the other hand, is intended to suggest the sentimentality of moonlight serenades, simple, old-fashioned love, naïve enough, but so sincere that no one could think it ridiculous. I have often thought of that contrast since Andrès Segovia came into prominence and we saw what a great artist could do with the guitar. Even earlier I had often reflected on the jazz-band and wondered what its contribution to modern music would prove to be. The purely musical contrast between these two is quite as sharp as the symbolic contrast, and in its way as interesting.

Let us take the first of them, the guitar. It comes to us to-day as a resurrected instrument. Everyone thought that the guitar was dead, used only by a few blind beggars, and almost solely in Spain; even in Spain it had come to be used exclusively in accompaniment, either for the voice or for a singing-instrument such as the violin, or for the mandolin. Its interest for us was purely retrospective, historical, almost archæological. It took an interpreter of genius to rediscover the guitar, to reconstruct its technique, and, above all, to give it back its soul. Then, all of a sudden, the scales fell from our eyes. The guitar was not what we used to think it — a poor, limited, monotonous instrument. On the contrary, it proved to be marvelously rich in resources of all kinds, an instrument from which can be drawn a quite unexpected variety of sound, and which in its vast range — four octaves, like the alto and the clarinet — may well be compared with the monarchs of the instrumental solo. Add to this that its mounting of six strings makes possible full chords and polyphony. The volume of sound is not great, but this fact is redeemed by its quality — mellow, distinguished, and aristocratic.

The guitar is mounted and tuned like the lute. All the music that has been written for the lute can be used on it. Its destiny was the same as that of the lute when the growing popularity of the harpsichord ousted it from favor. After hearing Segovia it is easy to see that this was an illogical confusion, and that the reasons for giving up the lute should have served for keeping the guitar. The harpsichord was certainly an advance over the lute, because its keyboard made possible the simultaneous use of both hands and thereby doubled its resources. It went even further as soon as the two keyboards were adopted, along with duplication of strings and varied uses of the plectrum. Far be it from me to underrate the harpsichord. Wanda

[1] From the *Semaine Littéraire* (Geneva Liberalist weekly), *December* 12

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Landowska has shown what can be done with that instrument and how necessary its use is in interpreting the music written for it by the clavecinists and virginalists. It remains true, nevertheless, that the harpsichord is a plectrum instrument and that therefore its expressive range is rather limited. It cannot entirely avoid the disadvantages due to striking the string with the metal, feather, or leather quill.

We had thought for a long time that the defects of the lute and the harpsichord were inherent in all instruments with plucked strings. To-day we must revise this judgment. These defects are inherent only in instruments played with the plectrum, whether it is held in the right hand, as with the lute, or is operated mechanically by the touch, as with the harpsichord. There are other plucked-string instruments that more or less escape these disadvantages — those in which the strings are plucked directly by the fingers, like the harp, and, above all, the guitar. Because of this manner of plucking, both of them are very much more expressive; but when we have heard Segovia, and then a few days later the harp quartette of Madame Casadesus, we realize irresistibly that the guitar is the superior instrument. In harp-playing the two hands must pluck strings that have been tuned beforehand and that give only a single tone; in the harp with pedals every string can produce three tones, to be sure, but only one at a time. The expressive variety in the stroke is definitely limited, and the quality of the sound can be only slightly modified — except by using harmonics, as does likewise the guitar.

But Andrès Segovia reveals to us what a marvelous qualitative range and flexibility the guitar possesses in the hands of a virtuoso. His magic fingers make that instrument reproduce all the registers of the harpsichord. He can render simultaneously as many tone-colors as there are voices, so that one has the illusion of hearing four distinct instruments. But how expressive all these timbres are as compared with those produced by the plectrum. The guitar is the only instrument of its class capable of singing, and Segovia has shown us that in this respect it is superior even to the piano. The sensitive flexibility of the unprotected finger-tip in contact with the string is apparently infinite. By methods I cannot explain, the finger communicates directly to the vibrating medium the emotions of the artist, whereas with the piano this must be done through the intervention of the keys, the double escapement, and the hammer. In the guitar, action and reaction are immediate. The instrument is, as it were, a direct extension of the player.

Those of my readers who have not heard Segovia may smile at my enthusiasm, and many who have heard the artist may object that he is an unparalleled master who will have no equal. But Madame Landowska also may remain without a peer in her chosen field. None the less, she has revived the harpsichord, and we already have several artists who play that instrument with skill. Segovia may be unsurpassable, but I do not believe that he will be alone. Even now we observe signs of a similar revival of interest in the guitar, especially in Germany. Certain composers, some of them the most promising of the younger generation, are writing scores exclusively for it. On a programme containing only original music for the guitar, it is now possible to add to the names of Bach, Visee, Sor, Tarrega, and all the other lutists and guitarists of the past, those of the best modern

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composers. An instrument for which masters are writing is not a dead instrument. The guitar, like the harpsichord, has taken a new lease of life.

The case of jazz is very different. It has contributed to music a single new instrument — the banjo, a kind of Negro mandolin. The banjo has remarkable sonority and a very special timbre. It seems to me that it could easily replace the mandolin in Mahler's symphonies, for example, and it would come out still more clearly in the midst of the bow instruments.

The other instruments of jazz are already familiar, — the piano, the violin, the trombone, the saxophone, and the trumpet, — but these instruments are purposely diverted from their ordinary rôles and grouped in novel arrangements. The search for strangeness is perceptible even in classic jazz — the only type that can claim a serious artistic value, for I shall neglect the wild eccentricities of certain dance orchestras. A characteristic trait of jazz is the systematic inhibition of instrumental sonority. Muted instruments are almost the rule in jazz, whereas in the ordinary orchestra they are the exception. The result is a reduction of power in the trumpet and trombone that brings them close to the bow instruments. The association produces a chamber-music ensemble with a slightly bizarre effect. But above all, — and in this jazz is perfectly logical, — the dominant factors in the synthesis are the percussion instruments, which are never silent, and which sometimes actually assume solo rôles. The fact is that the jazz-band, designed to render the purely rhythmical music of savages, has had to upset all the values of traditional music, which is primarily melodic and harmonic. Thus we see the violin, which takes first rank in a symphony orchestra, relegated to second rank in the jazz-band, whereas the saxophone, the 'poor relation' of the orchestra, is its solo instrument par excellence, abetted by those two other monarchs of the modern dance-hall, the trumpet and the trombone, both muted. The rôle of the banjo is to lend a special color to the ensemble by contributing its twang to the general sound-effect and accentuating the rhythm marked by the percussion instruments and the piano.

One bizarre feature of jazz is the association of instruments not ordinarily used in close collaboration — each class of the percussion, string, and wind instruments respectively being represented by only one or two examples.

Are we to consider the jazz-band a passing phenomenon, eccentric and ephemeral, coinciding with the taste for exotic music and a certain type of dance, and destined to disappear with that taste; or a permanent, definite enrichment of music in general? In support of the first opinion it might be pointed out that the jazz-band does justice only to a single kind of music. Play the repertory of modern dances written for the orthodox orchestra, and the result is pretty spiritless, unless the jazz-band is reënforced; and this is as far as contemporary composers have gone. Try to render the music of the old dances or any other type of music with the jazz-band, and the result is hopelessly bad, and even ridiculous. At large dances, where slow waltzes, or even Viennese waltzes, are played along with fox-trots and tangos, the jazz orchestra is seconded by another combination, so that, in reality, two orchestras function side by side, one of which plays a certain type of dance, the other another type — two entirely distinct manners alternating. Sometimes it is simply that the players change their instruments. In this case

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the point is still more striking. When the saxophonist takes up a violin or violoncello, he admits that he cannot otherwise do justice to the written music. He demonstrates the separation of the types.

The second thesis can also be defended, however, and it would be wisest to admit that both outcomes are possible. The craze for modern dancing may pass, the great mass of music written for jazz may fall into the most complete oblivion, and yet music itself may still be enriched by the experience in a perfectly definite way. Let us consider in just what that enrichment would consist.

We must admit that, although most dances composed in the rhythm of the fox-trot, tango, or one-step have little or no value, there are, nevertheless, a certain number of happy inspirations, pretty and really musical compositions, especially among the fox-trots. This is a direct enrichment of our musical patrimony. But it is not the most important one; for in addition to this there is an instrumental enrichment. This is not in the sphere of the muted instruments. Jazz has been too willing to abuse such effects, and they are not its best feature. The expressive glissandos of the trombone are an eccentricity justified only by a desire to astonish. This effect is inseparable from a certain class of compositions, and is of little use in any other music. I have already pointed out how the banjo might directly enrich the orchestral ensemble by introducing a new timbre to be used for special effects. But what the jazz-band has chiefly brought to our attention is the resourcefulness of the saxophone as a solo instrument. There can be no question that the saxophone will survive. From now on no composer will deliberately reject its services.

A still more important contribution remains to be considered, because it is not simply an addition to the gamut of timbres, but to the very essence of music. No one who has heard the best original compositions of the jazz repertory can doubt that it has developed a new type of counterpoint, freer and more fantastic than that of the schools, but extremely interesting, and calculated to switch the new music back to the polyphony it was on the point of abandoning. This counterpoint is often improvised under the form of variations that change at every repetition and demand a player trained in this kind of performance. This will bring us back to old traditions that have long been lost, or preserved only among the gypsies. The restoration of these traditions may be considered a positive contribution. It is not merely a matter of melodic ornamentation or homophonic variation, but of a genuine counterpoint, of an improvised melody accompanying the principal motif but sometimes monopolizing the attention and becoming a principal motif in its turn, while the original theme, already heard several times, takes on the character of a *cantus firmus*.

This counterpoint is at once melodic and rhythmic. Polyrhythmics is one of the principal charms of jazz music, closely allied as it is to ragtime and conceived only as violently syncopated. Harmonically this type of music has brought us nothing new. It is based on a few stereotyped sequences and on a special use of the ninth.

In the domain of harmony the jazz-band leads us back into the paths of simplicity. It is tonal, healthy, and genuinely harmonious. Its innovations are in the sphere of melody, and, above all, of rhythm. In that of melody it has introduced certain turns directly borrowed from exotic music; in the sphere of rhythm it has introduced a dislocation of the measure that results in

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very amusing effects, and the superposition of inconsistent rhythms.

In this last connection, the jazz-band is only a manifestation of the irresistible impulse toward the enrichment of music by a return to a very old conception of rhythm. This conception had been forgotten since the Middle Ages, but was on the point of being rediscovered by a study of the ancients and of folklore — a conception of which Jaques-Dalcroze was the theorist and the apostle. The Negro music that has come to us from beyond the Atlantic has contributed its stone to the rhythmic edifice of the music of to-morrow. It is a permanent contribution.

In addition to these gains for the art of music in general, we must also include the direct use of jazz by composers, whether they write works inspired by it and intended for it, or introduce it subordinately into more extensive works in which it alternates with the complete orchestra. This last method will have the happiest results in the theatre. On the other hand, we can hardly accept the idea put forth by a certain American that a theatrical piece can be composed entirely for the jazz-band. In such a work the chief defect of this instrumental combination would be only too quickly apparent: that is, its inherent monotony, a monotony that rapidly becomes intolerable. Like all effects that are too strongly emphasized, those of the jazz-band soon produce weariness and nervousness. This is certainly the reason why a constant need is felt in dancing circles for some other type of dance to alternate with jazz. This need is forcing musicians more and more to play two instruments, or even a larger number. The monotony of the rhythm and the timbre of jazz is so great that the uninterrupted execution for several hours of one fox-trot after another would certainly exacerbate the nerves of the listeners to a point not far from madness. When time has given us a better perspective we shall recognize that jazz has its utility, and honor it according to its very real merits.

At that time, perhaps, the guitar too will have reached the high rank to which it is entitled. At the moment I cannot deny that, if I were asked to choose between a concert by Segovia, or one of his peers, and the most admirable jazz-band in the world, I should not hesitate a moment — Segovia would be my choice.

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A LEADER OF FASHION

BY THOMAS HARDY

[*Adelphi*]

NEVER has she known
The way a robin will skip and come,
With an eye half bold, half timorsome,
To the table's edge for a breakfast crumb:

Nor has she seen
A streak of roseate gently drawn
Across the east, that means the dawn,
When, up and out, she foots it on:

Nor has she heard
The rustle of the sparrow's tread
To roost in roof-holes near her head
When dusk bids her, too, seek her bed:

Nor has she watched
Amid a stormy eve's turmoil
The pipkin slowly come to boil,
In readiness for one at toil:

Nor has she hearkened
Through the long nighttime, lone and numb,
For sounds of sent-for help to come
Ere the swift-sinking life succumb:

Nor has she ever
Held the loved-lost one on her arm,
Attired with care his straightened form,
As if he were alive and warm:

Yea, never has she
Known, seen, heard, felt, such things as these,
Haps of so many in their degrees
Throughout their count of calvaries!

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

THE STAGE IN TURKEY

We have heard not a little latterly about the political and international affairs of Turkey, but nothing or almost nothing about its literature and art. Is it too distressful a country — is it indeed too insecurely a country at all — to have poets and painters? Who are the Thomas Hardys and the Epsteins of Mustapha Kemal's dominions? And is there a theatre in Turkey — at least a Little Theatre?

This last question is answered by a Constantinople correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, who bears testimony to the stirrings of a nascent dramatic art in that city and beyond. What should be of chief interest to English observers is the fact that until within the last two years the main obstacle to the development of a theatrical art in Turkey was the veto on actresses' parts being taken by Turkish women. To appear on the stage, a woman would have had to discard her veil, and only recently has that been socially possible. Yet it seems never to have occurred to the Turks that boys might take women's parts as effectively as they did on the Elizabethan stage in England. If it had, the Turkish drama might have been enriched by a series of rôles, such as those of Rosalind and Viola, created with boy actors in mind.

What actually happened was that a generation or two ago the Turkish-speaking Armenians of Constantinople formed the idea of organizing public theatrical representations in Turkish, since Armenian women were under no such restriction. Unsatisfactory as this must have been to one-hundred-per-cent Turks, it was the basis for a gradual adjustment of the popular mind to the idea of a national drama, and it was not long before more and more natives took to the art of acting. The last step was taken when, two years ago, a Turkish woman, Mme. Bediar Hanum, appeared before the footlights. This lady is the wife of the director of the Dar-ul-Bedai, a national conservatoire and dramatic company. The occasion for her appearance was a tour of the company to Smyrna, where, owing to the events of the war, Armenians were not allowed. 'The company,' says this correspondent, 'met with no protests, though it went on to Trebizond and Samsun, which are considered to be conservative and backward areas. Everywhere the advantage of naturalness, not only in pronunciation but even in representation, due to having true Turkish actresses, has been recognized and acclaimed, and there will be no going back from it now.'

There are now eight Turkish actresses in the Dar-ul-Bedai, and the innovation may be said to have established itself. What the theatrical life of the country needs chiefly is funds and dramatic authors. It is easy to see why native writers have not hitherto felt particularly drawn to the stage, why Armenian actors — culturally as well as linguistically alien — have not been a great stimulus to potential Turkish playwrights. Until very recently the stock-in-trade of the stage in Constantinople has been adaptations, chiefly from the

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modern French drama. The adapting, it is true, is usually very freely done, so that sometimes the original finds itself in an almost unrecognizable form; nevertheless the plays that result are essentially derivative and would never constitute an original dramatic literature. At the best they could but serve as models for genuinely indigenous plays.

'Original dramatic authorship,' says the writer in the *Guardian*, is naturally rare, 'but a number of recent plays have hit the public taste, and there is promise of a school of Turkish drama for the future. There have been tragedies, plays of peasant life, and even historical plays in verse. On the whole it would seem that the Turkish dramatic mentality tends toward tragedy; the adaptations take the lighter line, but most of the original creative work runs at present to serious moralist and even tragic plays.'

✠

A SWEDISH PUNDIT

THE fate of the creative writer who uses a little-known and not very widely spoken language is notoriously hard. We hear less of the similar lot of scholars who publish all their works — now that Latin is no longer a learned Esperanto — in such minor tongues. Furthermore, Bulgarian sonneteers, Finnish essayists, and Portuguese playwrights are fairly frequently brought into the limelight of international attention by all kinds of journalistic accidents as well as by such institutions as the Nobel Prize. Such good luck is not likely to be the portion of literary historians, philosophers, or theologians.

How many readers, even students, outside of Scandinavia, for example, know the name of Henrik Schück? Yet M. Schück is easily the most distinguished literary scholar in Sweden, formerly professor at the University of Upsala, the author of a monumental *History of Literature* from Genesis to the year 1900, and, as permanent secretary of the Swedish Academy, the man who wields the greatest influence in Nobel Prize decisions. 'I have just paid a visit to this scholar,' says a writer in *L'Indépendance Belge*, 'and I am still under the spell of his charm — a charm that is based on a great simplicity of manner and a rare intellectual force. Tall, gaunt, his long head brought to a point by a slightly curling beard, M. Schück obviously belongs to that sturdy and thoughtful race that gave Gustavus Adolphus and Charles XII to the world. The dreamer and the man of indefatigable energy are both somehow expressed in the smile with which he welcomes his visitor. He seemed to feel a kind of embarrassment in admitting that his curiosity had led him into a study of Oriental literatures, and that, in particular, he had written a huge book on the literature of the Hebrews.'

Sweden, as this writer observes, has had her share of distinguished specialists, but if she could claim only so conspicuous a type of the synthetic scholar as M. Schück she would take high rank in the world of learning.

✠

VACHEL LINDSAY

'IN spite of some faults in diffuseness, a certain weakness in his more conventional poems,' says the *Observer*, 'Mr. Vachel Lindsay is easily the most important living American poet. He is more than that. He is the voice and hope of that eager, generous young America, the goal of all kinds of frustrated peoples. That America can never be regarded as submerged by Babbittry or mere commercialism so long as Mr. Lindsay sings his songs from New York to New Mexico. His new collected edition has some splendid new things in it, a long preface, and

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some fascinating drawings for lovers of Mr. Lindsay's poetry. We in Europe used to welcome the American authors who spoke for Americans and in American — Whitman and Mark Twain. Today we attach too much significance to the cosmopolitan authors of the States — men of great ability, no doubt, and considerable technical achievement, but without that prophetic spirit, that deep, glowing enthusiasm, that mark Mr. Lindsay's best work. There is an internationalism in letters that is altogether good — the internationalism that welcomes into the house of art all the newer and stranger peoples. There is another internationalism which is really only a perverted chauvinism — it demands that literature should everywhere follow the same new lines. It seeks modernity, and only achieves a narrow modishness. It will be a great pity if a public is not found in England for Mr. Lindsay's work, for it will mean that we are losing our capacity to admire and understand those things in art that are genuinely interpretative of national character.'

WESSEX UNIVERSITY

A MOVEMENT has recently been set on foot to transform University College at Southampton into a 'University for Wessex' that would be to the West Country what the great provincial universities of the Midlands and the North have been to those districts. In this case the appeal to the imagination is perhaps greater, for the use of the name Wessex would revive the old unity of those counties that were once the heart of Alfred's kingdom and the seat of the last flourishing culture before the Conquest. It would also be a kind of tribute to Mr. Hardy, and the tribute would be enhanced if the project for founding a Thomas Hardy Chair of English Literature should materialize. A William of Wykeham Chair is also projected. Readers of *Tom Brown's Schooldays* will remember that William of Wykeham was the founder of Winchester College, whose motto was, 'Manners makyth man.'

THE CENTENARY OF AN ACADEMY

IN 1826 a body known as the Society of Scottish Artists decided to take a new lease of life by becoming a real academy, and was therefore incorporated as the Royal Scottish Academy, and organized on the model of the Royal Academy of London. This year it is celebrating its hundredth birthday; a centenary exhibition, to be held this spring, will be made up of the work of past and present Scottish artists, and will very fully illustrate the progress of Scottish art throughout the century, from the time of Wilkie and Raeburn to the present day.

DOSTOEVSKII FILMED

THE Film Society in London — organized last fall, as our readers will remember, to encourage serious artistic work in the movies — has recently seen a movie version of Dostoevskii's *Crime and Punishment* produced in Berlin by Robert Wiene, who is widely known as the producer of *Dr. Caligari*. The actors were all of Stanislavsky's Moscow Art Theatre, and the designs were the work of Professor Andreev. According to the *Times*, the film is 'a beautiful and austere piece of work, to which we can give no higher praise than that it does no dishonor to the book.'

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND MOZART DRAMATIZED

MR. JOHN DRINKWATER distinctly 'started something' when in writing *Abraham Lincoln* he made use of an

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historical figure for dramatic purposes. The method was by no means unheard of in the history of the drama, but who will say that it has not taken a new lease of life in the last few years? Mr. Drinkwater's own plays on Cromwell and Lee have been by no means the only successors to *Abraham Lincoln*. And Mr. Bernard Shaw's *Saint Joan* is unique, if at all, only in its excellence and its wide popularity. The two most recent contributions to the genre are a play on Queen Elizabeth, — *Gloriana*, by Gwen John, the daughter of Augustus John, — and *Mozart*, by M. Sacha Guitry, who five or six years ago achieved a great success with his *Pasteur*.

Miss John's play depicts eight scenes from the life of the Virgin Queen, from her early imprisonment in the Tower to the last days of her old age. Though marked by considerable skill in the treatment of character, the play is said to be open to the charge of covering too much ground and producing too scattered an effect. The same charge cannot be brought against M. Guitry, who has taken a single episode in Mozart's life — his early visit in Paris with the Baron von Grimm and his sentimental adventures there — and confined himself strictly to it. According to a writer in the *Morning Post*, the play is in M. Guitry's best vein — 'his finest theatrical achievement.'

♔

RICHARD STRAUSS'S NEW OPERA

RICHARD STRAUSS, the Viennese composer, disclosed to a writer for the *Vossische Zeitung* recently his plans for a two-act opera based on Hugo von Hofmannsthal's dramatic poem, *The Egyptian Helen*. This work is a continuation of the Helena episode in Goethe's *Faust*, and Strauss is treating the theme in a (for him) unprecedentedly lyrical vein. It is uncertain where the first production of the new work, which cannot be expected before the end of 1926, will take place: besides Dresden, Munich, and Stuttgart, Vienna and Berlin are mentioned by the interviewer.

Herr Strauss also expressed himself piquantly on the subject of modern music. 'For twenty years,' he said, 'I have been working at the problem of combining tones and chords that seem discordant in such a way that they will give the effect of harmony. The young men now are doing the same thing without bothering about harmonization. Later on we shall see — and hear — which of us is right.'

♔

'PYGMALION' WITH A DIFFERENCE

WHAT would *Pygmalion* be without the shock of hearing Eliza use that atrocious word — atrocious at least to British ears — in the third act? Shaw's famous comedy on phonetics has recently been played at the Raimund-theater in Vienna, but we are not told what Viennese substitute for the oath was found. A writer in the *Observer* does record, however, that Eliza is made to speak German like a low-class Czech woman, and he very properly challenges the fitness of this device, especially when Eliza's father — that incomparable scamp with his diatribe on 'middle-clawss morality' — is made to speak ordinary Low German. Whatever else may have been wrong with the speech of Eliza and old Doolittle, it was at least consistently wrong!

'Another strange feature,' continues this correspondent, 'is to be seen in the first act — little toy tramcars continuously passing St. Paul's Cathedral in the rain. Local inaccuracies may be tolerable when prescribed by the author, but in this case those little toy cars, intended to represent something like the London traffic on a wet night, are about as absurd as could be.'

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

Human Shows, Far Phantasies, Songs and Trifles, by Thomas Hardy. London and New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

At the venerable age of eighty-five, Mr. Thomas Hardy, the most illustrious living English author, continues to write and publish poems with the best of his juniors. His new volume of lyric and narrative verse has been the event of the season in poetry, and the object of the most respectful criticism. Sir Edmund Gosse, himself the dean of English criticism, — though some years younger than Mr. Hardy! — devotes a long review to the book in the *Sunday Times:* —

> A brooding and dejected temperament, left during extreme old age in possession of a cerebral acuity rarely equaled, and perhaps never surpassed, a shrewdness and tenacity of thought wholly divorced from any inclination to activity — these are the qualities which seem to be revealed in the very remarkable, but very difficult and disquieting, poetry of our most eminent living writer. Every attempt to measure him by accepted standards is a failure; he even fails so to measure himself. He lays a trap for the unwary almost at the beginning of this new book: —
>
> Any little old song
> Will do for me,
> Tell it of joys gone long
> Or joys to be,
> Or friendly faces best
> Loved to see.
>
> Newest themes I want not
> On subtle strings,
> And for thrillings pant not
> That new song brings:
> I only need the homeliest
> Of heart-stirrings.
>
> But his poems, though dealing with the most unassuming incidents, are never 'homely.' The poetry of Mrs. Hemans was homely; Ella Wheeler Wilcox roused a million heart-stirrings on her pinchbeck lyre; when I was young, Eliza Cook, rejecting 'subtle strings,' announced that she could not 'Sing the Old Songs' — I forget why, perhaps because they were out of print. All these emotional and popular bards were 'homely' to excess. But Mr. Hardy, heaven save us, is not homely! He is a great tragic artist, only saved from savagery by his unearthly calm, his determination in the face of eternal woe neither to strive nor to cry.
>
> One difficulty of offering any kind of definition of Mr. Hardy's very peculiar genius is the fact that he has refused the title of 'pessimist' several times, and with an acerbity foreign to his nature. It is quite true that this word, like so many in our buffeted and flurried language, is loosely used, and made to cover persons who are totally unlike Mr. Hardy. Among them are those who, ten years ago, were sure that we should lose the war, and who seemed almost to hope that we should; those who, while preserving a high regard for themselves, think meanly of everybody else; those who believe that the stigmata on their 'lone dark souls' make them socially interesting. Of course, if the word brings up recollection of such types as these, it is no wonder that Mr. Hardy repudiates it. But we seem left unable to define the nature of this 'infinite passion, and the pain of finite hearts that yearn.'
>
> The dominating note of Mr. Hardy's poetry, especially in its latest manifestations, has been its refusal of all hope, the lack of all faith in the accomplishment of promises human or divine. This is a different thing from the misery of Leopardi, with which it has sometimes been compared, because the dreary anguish of the Italian poet is obviously in great measure a consequence of his lifelong

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malady, whereas our celebrated Wessex minstrel continues to be a portent of protracted health. Perhaps the intellectual character of Mr. Hardy is more closely paralleled by that of Pascal, though if so it is curious to see that the negation of all faith has been the result of meditations which prostrated the author of *Les Pensées* at the foot of the Cross. In both we are aware that the dark tide of human disappointment has flooded the soul in perpetuity.

Many of Mr. Hardy's new poems are mere melancholy and thrilling vignettes, such as 'No Buyers,' a street scene in London, described photographically, with no other emotional intention than to emphasize that gnawing sense of disappointment which haunts the poet. This piece deserves close attention, because, deprived of every appeal to the ordinary 'poetic' senses, it nevertheless contrives to reproduce in the mind of the reader everything that the austerity of the author wished to preserve.

Of many of these lyrics the first private judgment is apt to be, 'How stiff, how dry, how little calculated to please the eye or soothe the ear!' But further study almost inevitably shows that the poet, in his own way, has done exactly what he wished to do. Mr. Hardy in prose, but still more in verse, has been a very isolated writer. Some superficial parallel with Browning, founded purely on style in analysis, is the only modern example that we can point to. In the seventeenth century, he has really more in common with Donne, without his passion, and with Vaughan, without his light. But he is essentially alone singing, while the goldfinches twitter around him, stanzas 'On the Portrait of a Woman about to be Hanged.'

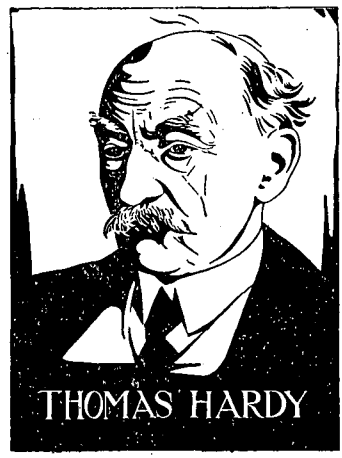
It might be supposed that a collection of lyrics entirely occupied with little episodical experiences of disappointment or disillusion, from all of which the element of hope, or of 'a good time coming,' is rigorously excluded, would be so blank and sad as to be uninteresting. Mr. Hardy's poetry is saved from that by its art and by its instinctive omission of the commonplace. We are rigidly denied pleasure and joy, but we are consoled by surprise. There is only one gay picture in the volume, but it is so highly characteristic of the author's manner that it may be given here:—

Seven buxom women abreast, and arm in arm,
Trudge down the hill, tiptoed,
And breathing warm;
They must perforce trudge thus, to keep upright
On the glassy icebound road,
And they must get to market whether or no,
Provisions running low
With the nearing Saturday night,
While the lumbering van in which they mostly ride
Can nowise go:
Yet loud their laughter as they stagger and slide.

But how will they trudge *up* the hill? We feel that Mr. Hardy has on this solitary occasion spared us some very melancholy anticipations.

There is no note of rebellion or of Promethean defiance about Mr. Hardy's statement of disillusion. He has no wish to curse God and die. Why should he? What would that avail? His intense dissatisfaction with every form of what is called 'revealed religion' never takes a violent direction. He

Views Life's lottery with misprision,
And its dice that fling no prize!



[E. O. Hoppé in the *Bookman*]

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but he does not offer to smash the box. A strange lottery that has no prizes, but we must just accept it: —

Now we have finished our summer show
Of what we knew the way to do:
Alas, not much! But as things go,
As fair as any. And nighttime calls,
And the curtain falls!

When, in the fullness of time, the work of this great writer comes to be considered by a new school of critics, it may be that the connection between his creative power and his theoretical passivity will be clearly exhibited. At present the discord between them seems insuperable, since all the high literature of the world has hitherto been based on courage and cheerfulness and hope, with disappointment and disillusion as deep shadows away from the sunlight, but not on an unrelieved blackness of despair.

The longer and more objective pieces in this volume are marked by the same sense of hopeless longing — the Latin *desiderium* — as the lyrics, but, as they are examples of the author's extraordinary power of narrative, the sadness is perhaps less oppressive. 'At Wynyard's Gap' might be a thrilling scene from a Wessex novel, showing how two strangers, somebody's husband and somebody's wife, riding on the Downs, meet one another and are instantly infatuated, only to be dogged by ill-luck. 'The Turnip-Hoer' tells how a young married workman saves the life of the beautiful Duchess of Southenshire, is hopelessly infatuated, and, taking to drink, commits suicide. 'A Last Journey,' with terrible intensity, tells how a dying father beguiled his little daughter with a fairy tale of nuts and cakes. 'At the Mill' tells a long story, but in short speech, and so may be quoted here in full. Nothing could be more expressive of Mr. Hardy's genius: —

O Miller Knox, whom we know well,
And the mill, and the floury floors,
And the corn — and those two women,
And infants — yours!

The sun was shining when you rode
To market on that day:
The sun was set when home-along
You ambled in the gray,
And gathered what had taken place
While you were away.

O Miller Knox, 't was grief to see
Your good wife hanging there
By her own rash and passionate hand,
In a throe of despair.

And those two children, one by her,
And one by the waiting-maid,
Born the same hour, and you afar,
And she past aid.

And though sometimes you walk of night,
Sleepless, to Yalbury Brow,
And glance the graveyard way, and grunt,
"'T was not much anyhow:
She should n't ha' minded!' naught it helps
To say that now.

And the water dribbles down your wheel,
Your mead blooms green and gold,
And birds twit in your apple-boughs
Just as of old.

The *Manchester Guardian*, editorially, admits that a veil of melancholy does overcast Mr. Hardy's sky — 'but,' it continues, 'he does not really dwell in that melancholy. It is true that there are tragic narratives in his new book, done with all his hard-bitten etching, that reflect the wryness, the irony, and the bleak futility, of circumstance; but there are also songs and lyrics that express him sharply sensitive to the beauty, often the sorrowful beauty, of nature, vocal with the music of humanity, quivering with its pain but tremulous also to its joy, and all the time charged with a vitality that denial or despair could never give. He does not dwell, then, in that melancholy; and, if he does not actually dwell in the light of setting suns, his face is toward it.'

*

BOOKS MENTIONED

PHILLPOTTS, EDEN. *Up Hill, Down Dale.* New York: The Macmillan Company, 1926. $2.00.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

Héloïse and Abélard, by George Moore: New York: Boni and Liveright, 1925. 2 vols. $5.00.

One is at liberty to ask about this work whether there are not places where it runs to the bawdy. The answer will certainly be that there are. Yet an author giving an account of the lovers whose passion has projected itself some eight centuries beyond the grave would hardly be true to his story if he omitted the sensual element of their desire. It is one of the merits of the age that the author can speak openly on this theme, and, in the large scope of his work and the long development of pain, sorrow, and ecstasy which the relations of Héloïse and Abélard form, lust certainly does not occupy a disproportionate place in the plan. It remains for readers to judge for themselves such scenes as those under Fulbert's roof, the canon of Notre Dame who was the uncle of Héloïse.

Again, the fabliaux and peasant concupiscences of Madelon are in character, and form part of the surroundings of the two protagonists, as do all the brilliant reflections of twelfth-century France which Mr. Moore distributes through his book — reflections of the countryside, the rivers with their barges, the monasteries, the schools, the courts of love, the gleemen, the winters with their snows and wolves, the complete romantic panorama of a vanished age of thrusting and aspiring life: a setting rich, wonderful, and real, if ever the setting of an historical novel has been wonderful and real. Of course many details of this panorama are grotesque and morally revolting; nevertheless they perhaps belong to a true rendering of the subject. The first chapters of the second volume dwell at what may be to many readers a tiresome length on gleemen, courts of love, and the vagaries of mediæval theory on the art and practice of passion. But the sublime chapters that form the bulk of the volume and bring the story to its close are ample in redemption.

The style of George Moore of course demands a word. If one picks up the book in the middle, the calculated simplicity of the diction will seem at first almost laughable, so patent is its cunning, so palpable its forethought. But of course the author has not meant to be artless, and he has written with an almost unique art. Beginning, not in the middle, but with the first page, one is rapidly lost, absorbed, and rapt out of all other consciousness by the flow of the romance. A better vehicle for its end is not often devised than the style of *Héloïse and Abélard*. It evokes a vanished age with the magic of which guilelessness of word — or its equal in effect — and copious use of the connectives are ingredients employed by many a wordmonger. But it has more than the elementary magic that creates fresh and bright images of the touch and color and breath of things. It has psychological faithfulness and scope worthy of the 'stream-of-consciousness method,' without the violence which that school wreaks upon the art and beauty of expression. It is, in short, a style of great literary refinement and of power over life.

If this romance is read in unborn times, it will of course be read for its characterizations of Héloïse and Abélard. The story of these lovers is told to the depth of anguish and ecstasy. Héloïse is no common type, and not to be smugly expounded in a few sentences of review. With her passion for reading, she lights upon Vergil under the Canon's guidance, and learns from the Latin poet to love life as the earth gives it — the upwelling of shoots in the spring, the songs of birds, the red sails upon the river. She believes in Heaven and Hell because Abélard believes in them. She bitterly opposes marriage with him after the birth of their boy because his fame is inseparable from her idea of him and the path of advancement lies through the Church. Her complaint in the sorrow of her long sacrifice is that the cynicism of history has been fulfilled in her, and that another great man has come to grief through woman.

The intellectual agitations of Abélard and his contemporaries are skillfully introduced and treated, but a more distinguishing note of the book than intellect is its sensibility. There is a sensibility compounded of knowledge and feeling and of cultivation, which properly accompanies this romance and gives it a difference from others of its kind. As the lovers pursue their lives from the first rapture of their meeting to the long agony of separation, and the book gathers to its close with its picture of the waiting and longing Héloïse nine years among the nuns, until Abélard finds her begging in Paris, sadness gathers with it; but with increasing sadness comes increasing beauty, until at the end the reader is willing to believe that he has felt the sublime.

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COMING EVENTS ABROAD

THE sixth annual British Industries Fair will be held simultaneously in London and Birmingham from February 15 to February 26, and the anniversary will be celebrated by a State Banquet for representative exhibitors and buyers, which the Prince of Wales will officially attend. For the first time, the Fair will be open during certain hours to the general public, and not merely, as hitherto, to commercial visitors.

Norwegian international winter sports competitions will take place during the month at Holmenkollen, near Oslo. On February 23 the 17-metre ski race will be held; on February 27, the 50-metre ski race; Sunday, February 28, is Holmenkollen Day, appointed for a grand ski-jumping competition.

The period from February 28 to March 10 will be known as Automobile Week at Cannes. The tennis championship of the Côte d'Azur will be contested; and there will be a Fine Art Exhibition and a Cat and Dog Show.

During the first week in March a Marathon on skis will take place at Mora, Sweden. This competition is known as the Vasa Run, and commemorates a dramatic incident in Swedish history. Mora was the town whose citizens, in 1521, first rallied to the support of Gustavus Vasa, a young Swedish nobleman who aimed at driving the Danes from the country, and who, after succeeding in this attempt, was elected King. The Marathon attracts the best ski-runners of the North, and has been the occasion of more than one record-setting event.

On March 2 a grand character-ball will be held at Nice, and on March 11 the third battle of flowers there will take place on the Promenade des Anglais. Redoute Blanche at the Municipal Casino.

During the winter and early spring, Dame Nellie Melba will be making a farewell tour of the British Isles. On March 4 she will sing at Leicester, on March 6 at Cardiff, on March 10 at Plymouth, on March 13 at Brighton and at London.

Beuil will be the scene of races organized by the Ski Federation on March 7 and 8. At Biarritz, golf will be the occasion for several events during the month, and on March 11 the monthly medal will be awarded.

On March 13 and 14 the Grandes Fêtes Provençales will be held at Cannes. The tennis championship of the city will be contested at this time.

On Sunday, March 14, Menton will be the scene of cycle races organized by the Vélo Club Mentonnais. On March 16 the second battle of flowers will take place on the Promenade du Midi.

On March 28 the Luge races will be held at Cauterets; prize by the Syndicate of Hotel Owners. The Cup of the Ski Club of Cauterets and the Cup of the Touring Club of France will be awarded.

The Nice Horse Races Society organizes in the month of March four events (level races) and four events (trotting races), with 300 and 500 francs in prizes, respectively.

The Monte Carlo season will be diversified by a dog show during March, and the Grand Motor Car Week will be fixed for that month. The Opera Season will extend to Sunday, April 4; performances will be held on Sunday afternoons, and Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings. Yachting regattas will be events both of March and of April.

Ski-expeditions will be made from Gstad from time to time during March.

An exposition of modern rugs manufactured at the Atelier de la Dauphine will be held at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs, Pavillon de Marsan, Palais du Louvre, during the month.

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AMONG OUR AUTHORS

LIKE many Frenchmen with German names, **Jules Sauerwein** leans to chauvinism rather than away from it. He is one of the most distinguished of French journalists, having been foreign editor of the *Temps*, and is now the editor-in-chief of the *Matin*, one of the most widely circulated Paris dailies.

Angelica Balabanoff has been prominent in the Italian Labor movement for twenty-five years. After receiving her doctorate and studying at Berlin and Leipzig, she went to Rome to study with Antonio Labriola, and there entered the Socialist movement and became one of its most eloquent speakers. She was for a time on the editorial staff of *Avanti*.

C. F. Lehmann-Haupt is Professor of Archæology and Ancient History in the University of Innsbruck, and a leading figure in the German Philological Association.

We have reason to believe that the author of 'Interviewing Mussolini' is as little open to the charge of being an English Fascist as the author of 'Trade-Unions in Russia' to the charge of being an English Communist.

If no man is a hero to his valet, an emperor is probably no demigod to his cook, and **Wille Buenger** clearly regards the late Kaiser from a peculiarly ironic angle. But what an exact memory he must have for culinary statistics! Or did he keep a notebook?

P. V. Shkurkin is a distinguished Russian ethnologist who has spent most of his life in Eastern Siberia. On the basis of an intimate acquaintance with Chinese and Mongolian life, history, and folklore, he has written several volumes on Oriental topics. The *Living Age* has already published two tales from his *Kitaiskia Legendy*, a collection of Chinese and Central Asiatic legends.

Léon Krajewski was until recently French Consul-General to the Hejaz, and is at present Honorary French Representative on the island of Corfu. He is a recognized authority on Near Eastern affairs.

Cecil Roberts was for a long time better known as a poet than as a novelist, having had six separate volumes of verse and a *Collected Poems* to his credit. During the war he acted as a special correspondent with the Grand Fleet and the Dover Patrol, and afterward became Assistant-Director of Overseas Transport, correspondent with the Royal Air Force, and finally official correspondent on the Western Front. After the war he turned his energies to novel-writing, and produced two novels, — *Scissors* and *Sails of Sunset*, — which show the influence of Conrad, as might be expected, but not to the point of servility.

Joan B. Proctor, F.L.S., F.Z.S., who writes about snakes with so little of the contumely obligatory to the daughters of Eve, is curator of reptiles at the Zoölogical Gardens in London.

A generation younger than Mr. Hardy, **Eden Phillpotts** has done for Devonshire — in his long series of Dartmoor novels — very much what Mr. Hardy has done for other parts of the West Country, and in a vein not entirely remote from Mr. Hardy's. Though he has written nothing on quite so high a plane of tragic austerity as *Jude the Obscure*, Mr. Phillpotts has demonstrated a versatility of treatment superior to his elder's, and is in some senses undeniably a more accomplished writer. He too is a poet as well as a novelist — a dramatic poet rather than a subjective lyricist.

Édouard Combe is a regular contributor of articles on music to *La Semaine Littéraire* and other periodicals.

As a younger contemporary of men like Tennyson and Browning, **Mr. Thomas Hardy** no doubt finds nothing extraordinary in the fact that he continues to write verse well into his ninth decade. What differentiates him, however, from those elders of his is the fact that his poetical output is a phenomenon of his old age: it can hardly be said to be a lifelong habit, as it was with them. He is the only poet in English literature whose reputation as such was made after his sixtieth year — or at least the only one we can remember. And how much youthful energy there is in the irony of a poem like 'A Leader of Fashion'!

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